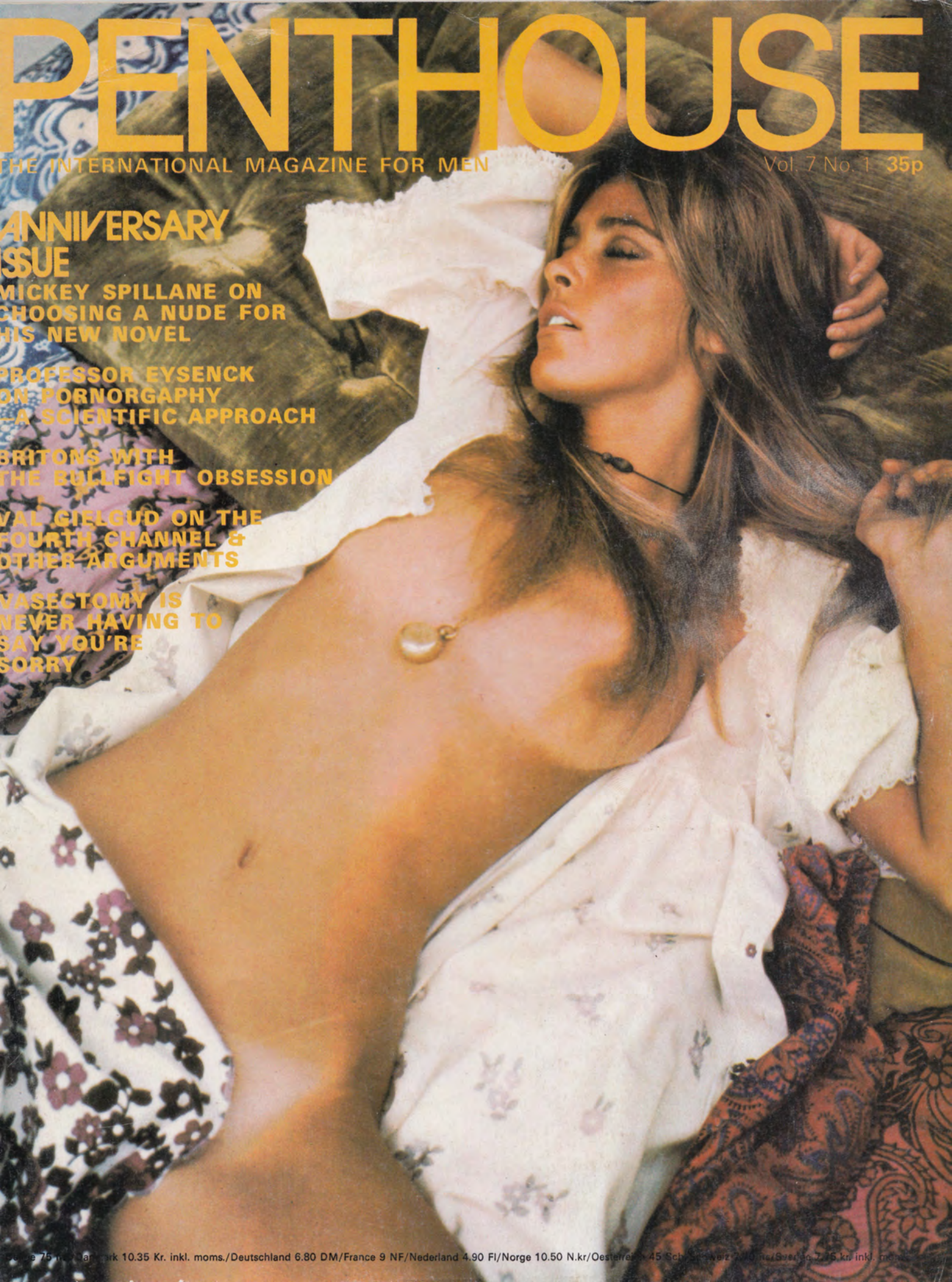
PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 7 No. 1 35p



ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MICKEY SPILLANE ON CHOOSING A NUDE FOR HIS NEW NOVEL

PROFESSOR EYSENCK ON PORNORGAPHY —A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH

BRITONS WITH THE BULLFIGHT OBSESSION

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SEVEN FAT YEARS

With this 100-page issue Penthouse celebrates a significant anniversary: its seventh year of publication. For a measure of how the magazine has changed the face of British publishing during its young existence you have only to look at the proliferation of our imitators. When Bob Guccione launched Penthouse on to the British scene, it was an article of faith that in this country men wouldn't buy a glossy magazine. *Esquire,* a US institution, had tried over here and failed. *Town,* a staid native emulator, was dying on its feet. Only imported copies of *Playboy* had a firm following, though the content was aimed solely at an American market. The announcement of Penthouse, an independent venture with no backing beyond normal trading credit, was received with so much enthusiasm, however, that Bob could see at once he was on to a winner. Subscriptions poured in to the magazine, sight unseen. The first number printed 120,000 copies and—without benefit of distribution by the leading retail chains—sold them all. From then on every sales return improved on the last, an extraordinary result for a magazine selling at the unheard-of price of five shillings (old currency). Not that it was all plain sailing. Longtime readers are familiar with the attempt to stifle the magazine at birth by seizing 250,000 promotion leaflets and prosecuting on a technical charge. Read today, the contents of this mailing can be searched indefinitely without revealing a single sentence that could provoke a raised eyebrow in the modern climate of opinion. Anyway, the brief censorship bid rebounded, for the attendant publicity proved a gratuitous stimulus to sales. Since then, not only has Penthouse experienced no further legal troubles, but it has become accepted as a national institution—as may be judged from the prolonged and open showing the magazine received on an ITV family show last Christmas afternoon. Morality has changed, and Penthouse itself has played a leading part in shaping the change. An early contribution was the Forum correspondence, which set an unparalleled level of frankness for the discussion of sexual experience. An important offshoot of this, of course, was Forum Magazine, another publishing revolution, as was acknowledged last

Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione in Penthouse's first TV airing, on BBC's Panorama, *discussing the magazine's stormy start*

What a difference a year made! Pet of the Month Stephanie shows first plain glimpse of pubic hair (vol 5 no 1, above). *Twelve issues later Pet of the Month Lottie* (right) *shows the new norm. Formerly even an obscure revelation like that of Pet of the Month Ada* (opposite, *vol 4 no 5*) *was an eyebrow-raiser.* Below: *First appearance of Julie Ege, now Britain's most ubiquitous pinup. She was Pet of the Month in vol 2 no 7.*

year in a special article by no less than *The Times.* More recently Penthouse has been responsible for pioneering new standards of frankness in nude photography, so that the female form can at last be seen genuinely *au naturel.* Formerly the depiction of pubic hair was unaccountably deemed obscene, and risked prosecution. Nudes had therefore to be ingeniously posed, using such artifices as drapes and shadow, to ensure that the photograph concealed their natural hirsute endowment. Little by little Penthouse has bravely breached this absurd convention, beginning with obscure glimpses and proceeding to full frontals, in which pubic hair is simply accepted as a natural (and rather modest) part of human anatomy. This daring innovation, appearing in our US edition as well as the British, was a pace-setter on both sides of the Atlantic. *Playboy* itself—and of course the British men's glossies—has followed the Penthouse leadership, transforming its famous airbrushed centrefold with an admission of sexual fleece. Today Penthouse, conceived for the British market, is a growing force in American publishing, and has already left behind the sales of the mighty *Esquire.* Its enterprises are continually multiplying, and new ones will be unveiled in these pages no less often than in the past. Biblically, the seven fat years were followed by seven lean years. Well, that's something else the Penthouse organization will have to turn upside down.—**H.F.**

Fabergé for the love of life.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please) though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Penthouse politics

I was not aware that Penthouse followed a politically committed editorial policy, so I was surprised to read the *View from the Top* comments on Lord Robens' renunciation of socialism (vol 6 no 9). His description of nationalization as a "nonsense" is something, you feel, on which he should be congratulated.

If you intend to continue employing political propagandists as contributors, could you please require them to *sign* their articles so that we know exactly whose opinions we are getting? And, incidentally, may I assume that the editor takes responsibility for this simplistic drivel? May I also assume that your proprietors are not exactly horrified at the sight of socialism being denigrated in the columns of one of their magazines?—*Christopher E. Adams, Simonside Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

We are glad to welcome this new reader to the Penthouse circle. If he were a reader of longer standing he would know that View from the Top *has always expressed political comment, and from a consistent viewpoint.—Ed.*

White slave trade

I was fascinated to read your interview with Colonel Patrick Montgomery of the Anti-Slavery Society (vol 6 no 10). Though I have read one or two books on the subject, I never realized the extent of slavery in the world today.

My own interest in the matter began when I was working as a lecturer in Lausanne, Switzerland. A young and noticeably attractive girl student of mine disappeared, and I made intensive investigations to discover what had happened to her. During my inquiries, I learned from several independent sources that Lausanne is something of a slavery source, and that it has been known for students to sell other students into slavery!

Fortunately, my own student was discovered (she had taken a trip into the mountains with her lover), but the worrying fact remains that, even in civilized countries, young girls are quite often in some degree of danger of abduction. Before your interview, this may have seemed like fantasy; afterwards, I don't think any person responsible for the welfare of young people could possibly ignore it.—*W.G. (name and address supplied), St. Albans, Herts.*

The Fall of Freud

As some of your readers know, Professor Eysenck has carried out scientific trials on relative IQs of different races. His subjective comments in *The Decline and Fall of the Freudian Empire* (vol 6 no 9) concerning Marx, Einstein and Freud, all members of the Jewish race, can therefore hardly be scientifically equated.

While being in favour of physical treatment of mental illness and therefore agreeing with Eysenck, my personal experience of this treatment under an eminent consultant psychiatrist was rather alarming. My symptoms were (*a*) suicidal thoughts and attempt; (*b*) illusions; (*c*) general state of anger and depression coupled with physical pain due to a low noise threshold; and (*d*) chronic hypochondriasis and the belief that I had cancer of the throat. The consultant's diagnosis was schizophrenia, and it took the following lines: (*a*) suicidal thoughts and attempt—correct; (*b*) illusions—I later discovered this was due to vitamin B_1 deficiency (Sargent & Slater *Physical Methods of Treatment in Psychiatry*) but classed by my psychiatrist as hallucinations; (*c*) paranoia of London taxis, which vehicles I stated produce a high-pitched noise due to faulty brakes, a point not obvious to the psychiatrist; and (*d*) hypochondriasis—correct.

I was therefore attributed with half the symptoms of schizophrenia, though actually suffering from an endogenous depression. My subsequent treatment by electric shock thereapy was standard treatment for both schizophrenia and endogenous depression, and I therefore made a rapid recovery, but I wonder how many other patients are or will be incorrectly diagnosed, perhaps to their cost, by such misunderstanding?—*Anthony McRae-Brown (address supplied), London N.W.6.*

This reader deserves sympathy, but while psychiatry remains an inexact discipline faulty diagnosis is surely an inevitable hazard.—Ed.

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Touching appeal
I feel it's about time I wrote to congratulate you on your excellent magazine, which I've been reading now for several months. But the letter from F.J.M. of Guildford (vol 6 no 9) really annoyed me—what a load of codswallop! I think it's *great* to see a girl fingering her nipples. I don't know whether it excites *them*, but it certainly does excite me, especially the one of Miss Lottie Gunthart in the Calendar.

As for girls revealing their innermost glory, it seems to me that they've already done this with views of pubic hair on several of the models, or is it that we are waiting to see shaved models? Well, I'm happy either way, if you allow that. One thing I would like to see is more shots like the one of Lynn Partington on page 47, looking up at the girl or up dresses—this really turns me on. In fact your magazine is great.—*D.A.L. (name and address supplied), Felixstowe, Suffolk.*

Erotic omens
It has been my experience that women whose lips are large and voluptuous very often possess vaginas of a similar quality. Though I do not suggest that there is an infallible correlation between the size of the lips and the size of the vagina, or that full lips always indicate potentially sensuous partners, I have found that this relationship occurs too frequently for it to be mere coincidence. I have also found the converse to be true: when the lips are thin, the vagina is correspondingly tight and small.

Perhaps some of your readers have noted similar correlations between the size and nature of the vagina and other parts of the female body?—*A. P. (name and address supplied), Southampton, Hants.*

Forbidden fleece
I read the letter from Christopher Trace (vol 6 no 8) requesting the publication of old photographs formerly banned because of "floss on the mill" and I see that four of your pictures of Miss Lynette Asquith show her pubic hair. Do most men enjoy seeing pubic hair? Though I am a girl, I doubt it, and I should be interested to hear what your other readers think.

If a girl is to be photographed in the nude and shaves her underarms, is it not too much trouble to remove her pubic hair also? Surely if a girl is to be sexually attractive she must present a perfectly-groomed appearance and her only crowning glory should be on her head.

Personally, I am always careful of my appearance because I think it is more feminine, and when wearing see-through panties and miniskirts one never knows for sure what one is showing. All girls enjoy receiving the genital kiss and I think it unfair to have any "floss on the mill" when a man makes love to me.—*Miss D.W. (name and address supplied), Retford, Notts.*

A question of fit
I am an au pair with a French family and their son René, aged 16, buys and reads your magazine. His parents don't know this, but I found some copies when cleaning out his room, and the son begged me not to tell on him. I promised, but I am sure his father knows anyway. He is a proper Frenchman—he takes every opportunity of touching or rubbing against me or his wife or René's girlfriend.

In two of your magazines I read about the size of the penis—large and larger! I am 20 and I have been in Paris for three years and have seen six boys and had sexual intercourse with two of them. None of them had a penis longer than 5 ins. I know because from the tip of my finger to my wrist is exactly $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins so in fondling the boys I can judge their size. I have also asked my girlfriends about it and they say the same, though we hear that black boys are bigger—is this true? Please tell me the correct size of the penis and, more important, the thickness.

Before I made love I used to try putting my finger in but I couldn't and the first time a boy did it I was sore for days afterwards. The two boys I have had were gentle, but they both stretched me to the limit. I am worried that I could not take a penis of the dimensions you quote, first because of entry pains, and second because of what would happen inside if the boy was 7 or 9 ins long—surely such a penis would injure me? I was so worried about this I tested myself by inserting a thin candle as far as it would go, and under unpleasant pressure it penetrated to 6 ins, but I hate to think what would happen with a boy so equipped thrusting in as far as possible. Both my boys satisfy me and I enjoy intercourse with them five or six times a month but I am always sore for at least the next day. Am I abnormally small?—*Cathie (name and address supplied), Paris XIème, France.*

Our medical correspondent writes: There is no "correct" penis size or thickness, but a survey done by Forum *Magazine found an average length of 6.3 ins (16.0 cm) and an average circumference of 5.2 ins (13.2 cm) when erect. However lengths ranging from 3 ins to over 8 ins are not considered abnormal. What little evidence there is suggests that negroid penises do tend to be slightly larger (especially in the flaccid state) and oriental penises slightly smaller than the averages given above. Since the vagina is almost infinitely elastic (remember a baby can pass through it) you should have no difficulty in accommodating even the largest penis. The "soreness" you mention may be a result of insufficient lubrication, in which case you may find it helpful to use a special water-soluble lubricant (ask your chemist), or it may be the result of a mild vaginal infection such as monilia or thrush. To be on the safe side, you had better see the doctor about this.—Ed.*

Radio Times/Don Smith

Batwoman lives!
I was interested to read in the *Radio Times* recently of a forthcoming broadcast by one of your more vivid correspondents, Miss Cherry Diane Bramwell. She wrote in vol 5 no 10 and vol 6 no 5 about her amusing pet bat, named Balls, "for two very good reasons".

Miss Bramwell appears to be the epitome of intelligent and uninhibited womanhood, judging from her writings, but from the personal description this is by no means the limit of her talents. The point I am trying to make is that with such an obvious potential for an article or feature, I would respectfully suggest that your magazine could do her justice.—*R.K. (name and address supplied), Doncaster, Yorks.*

For a fuller view of Miss Bramwell, see photograph above.—Ed.

The naked truth
I am a regular reader of Penthouse

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by virtue of the fact that my brother brings it home each month. Being a girl I am naturally not very interested in the Pets of the Month and, to be honest, I was not at first very interested in the magazine as a whole until various Forum letters aroused my curiosity.

In particular, the letters about removal of pubic hair rather got me going. I decided that these letters were either just not true or were written for fun—an opinion apparently borne out by the fact that the nudes invariably seemed to have retained their hair. In addition I found it difficult to believe the letters—and there were several—written in support of smallish breasts, as opposed to the large breasts frequently displayed in your nude photographs. After all—at least I have always believed so—it's the breasts that really turn men on and therefore the bigger the better.

However, I have recently had reason to change my mind and I shall in future give greater credence to the letters I read. My change of heart came about when I joined an adult non-swimmers' class at my local swimming-pool. After the class I was astonished to note that something like ten out of the 20 girls had removed their hair. I was also taken aback, when looking at some of the girls under the shower, to realize how unattractive huge breasts are as they collapse and slump around without support, compared to a nice firm 34 ins. I'm pretty flat myself so I've no real axe to grind—just my teeth! I therefore look forward to continued reading of Forum with a more respectful eye. —*Madge I. (name and address supplied), Burstead, Essex.*

Model changes

I felt I must write and congratulate you for the excellence of your Christmas Special Issue (vol 6 no 9) and in particular my special tribute to Bob Guccione for his entrancing pictures of lovely Lynn Partington.

It was a long time since I had bought a copy of Penthouse and I was delighted to find the changes that had occurred since perusing my first copy, vol 4 no 9. Having dabbled in photography for the past 15 years I have frequently suffered both annoyance and frustration in realizing that many of what I thought my most attractive pictures would either be rejected or mutilated—as the Germans so rightly term retouching—because the model happened to reveal her pubic hair. It certainly makes me wish I was starting photography all over again and I know that many of my past models would echo my thoughts for they could never understand the reasons for the restrictions imposed on their freedom of expression. They used to feel quite aggrieved when they saw the ugly way in which their pictures had been doctored. It has been my experience that once a girl has overcome the inherent inhibitions imposed on her by prudish conventions, she is both relieved and pleased on learning that her pubic hair is not something to conceal or be ashamed of possessing, and it was usually not very long before they shared my views that a wealthy profusion was indeed nature's way of enhancing their charms, and had no hesitation in revealing the fact.

Hence I more than welcome the newly won freedom which has been accorded to publishers in this country and congratulate all those who have fought so long to attain it. To those who may still have doubts may I remind them that from time immemorial man has regarded the female form as one of the most beautiful of Nature's handiwork, and untold skill and energy has been devoted in attempting to portray such beauty. I suggest we all owe a debt of gratitude to all those lovely young ladies who in their capacity as models have graced, are gracing, and will grace, the pages of our magazine.

I would like to assure Mrs. Mary Whitehouse and all who think like her that full natural nudity has never, in my experience, been the cause of any downfall in moral values among the numerous young girls who have been good enough to model for me. I think it is generally acknowledged that a girl feels more sexually conscious when attired in her knickers than when she is totally nude and this was certainly borne out by all my models. I am referring of course to girls who were seriously interested in modelling and who were sufficiently proud of their bodies to enjoy their new-found freedom. To a girl who has lived encompassed by prudish conventions, modelling offers an exciting new freedom, and once they have become reassured that it is their figure and not their virtue that is at stake, it is surprising how readily she enjoys the opportunity to display her charms.

Because of the restrictions imposed in the past over the display of pubic hair, the matter of depilation was often discussed but in no instance was the idea welcomed; in fact it was vehemently rejected as being quite unnatural. It would be hypocritical of me even to pretend to suggest that the girls were unaware of the sensual attraction of their pubic hair. However shy they may have been at first, they quickly recognized the appeal value of their pubic hair and of portraying it in an attractive state, *i.e.* a nice even triangle. One of my very first young models, a lovely brunette blessed with a superb

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figure, after realizing that her "curls" need never be a source of embarrassment, came forward one day with the suggestion that Vitapointe might effect an improvement. After some months of regular use she was quite thrilled at the enhancement of her natural charms and became rightfully proud of her "Black Forest", as I jocularly christened the mass of jet black curls which adorned her body. Just for the record and the benefit of moralists she came to me as a virgin and when, some 5000 negatives and 15 months later, the exigencies of the Service brought about a parting of the ways, she was still virgo intacta. I mention this in the hope that it may allay the fears of those who imagine modelling inevitably leads to an orgy of vice and corruption.

Now if I may be allowed to voice a note of criticism on the content of Penthouse. In the correspondence columns I noticed a letter under the heading "Sick sex", which referred to some views expressed in an earlier edition by a Mrs. J. Ewen, when she had apparently complained about the obsession with sex by contributors to your columns. Well, I must confess I agree with Mrs. Ewen and consider there is far too much space devoted to the outpourings of sexual cranks. Though I am far from being a prude I frankly admit I should feel most embarrassed if my daughters or some of my youthful models wanted to browse through the magazine. Maybe because I was brought up in an age when sex was something to be enjoyed in private, but I cannot believe that the great majority of your readers demand the expression of such liberal and crankish views. Or could I be wrong? Anyway, keep up the excellent photographic and humorous side—it is worth buying just for that. And, finally, many thanks for the lovely calendar enclosed with the Christmas issue. —*A.M. (name and address supplied), Bangor, Wales.*

Mons amour

After a not inconsiderable amount of sexual experience, I have come to the conclusion that a woman's randiness is definitely indicated by certain of her physical characteristics. One of the most important of these seems to me to be the size of her *mons veneris*—the mound of Venus.

Girls I have known with a flat and bony *mons* have generally been virginally-inclined, cool and stand-offish. But girls with a plump and cushiony *mons* have been hot in the pants, and usually raring to go. I would be interested to hear whether others' experience tallies with mine, or whether there has ever been a scientific study of *mons* proportions. *A.P.K. (name and address supplied), Pinner Green, Pinner, Middx.*

Tongue-in-cheek

Miss A.B. states (vol 6 no 5) that men are hypocritical about "going down" on a woman and reluctant to do it, though they are only too eager for the woman to do it to them. Well, from my own experience, I find it is the other way around: men love to go down on a woman, but a lot of women are revolted by the idea.

I have initiated several women in this art and they have loved every minute of it but none of them would do the same to me. In fact I find it the most beautiful way to turn a woman on, both before and after love-making. I absolutely enjoy doing it myself and the only slight disadvantage I find is that the tongue tends to ache if the act is prolonged.—*R.S. de Grey, Fort Blockhouse, HMS Dolphin, Gosport, Hants.*

Sapphic secrets

"All the world is queer save thee and me, and even thou art a little queer"—I found this quotation by Robert Owen in an old book the other day and I thought it might amuse your readers. But it also set me wondering: how much of the homosexual is compatible with normal heterosexuality, and what marks the borderline of the real queer? I'm sure nobody would claim that they had *never* had a homosexual thought or fantasy, but I think some husbands would be surprised if they found out about their wife's secret lesbian thoughts.

I'm a normal heterosexual woman myself, aged 32, happily married, but I'm prepared to admit that I fancy other girls from time to time. I like looking at pictures of beautiful women naked, which is why I often "borrow" my husband's Penthouse. But if you look at the average *woman's* magazine you will find just the same thing—page after page of articles or advertisements featuring scantily-clad females and they're not intended for *men* to look at. If you go into one of the London boutiques which has a communal changing room, you'll see plenty of girls just standing around looking at the other girls as they strip. Maybe it's only curiosity, to see how other women's bodies compare with their own, but sometimes I'm sure I've detected a glint of desire. Several of my girlfriends have confessed as much to me.

Now if it's true, as I believe, that every woman has a bit of a lesbian streak, or at least curiosity, then it follows that the ideal way to satisfy it is with troilism—making love with two girls and a man. I've tried it myself and I know. The presence of the man makes it somehow *alright*, so the girls needn't fear they've gone queer, but on the other hand in all the threesomes I've been involved in, it's the two girls who really go at it, while the man just hangs around and enjoys the view. My husband and I have "initiated" several young girls into troilism, and many of them were shocked by the idea at first, but it's amazing how, once they get started, they love exploring another woman's body (mine). One girl told me, after I had licked her to a state of ecstasy, that though she had had many *male* lovers before she had never allowed one to perform cunnilingus on her. In fact I have generally found that the more apparently "prudish" the girls we pick, the more wild and uninhibited they are once the ice is broken. And I have to admit that it's true what they say about convent-educated girls (I went to a convent myself so I should know): they certainly *are* the most passionate and the most inventive.—*Mary W. (name and address supplied), Bateman Street, Cambridge.*

Of human bondage

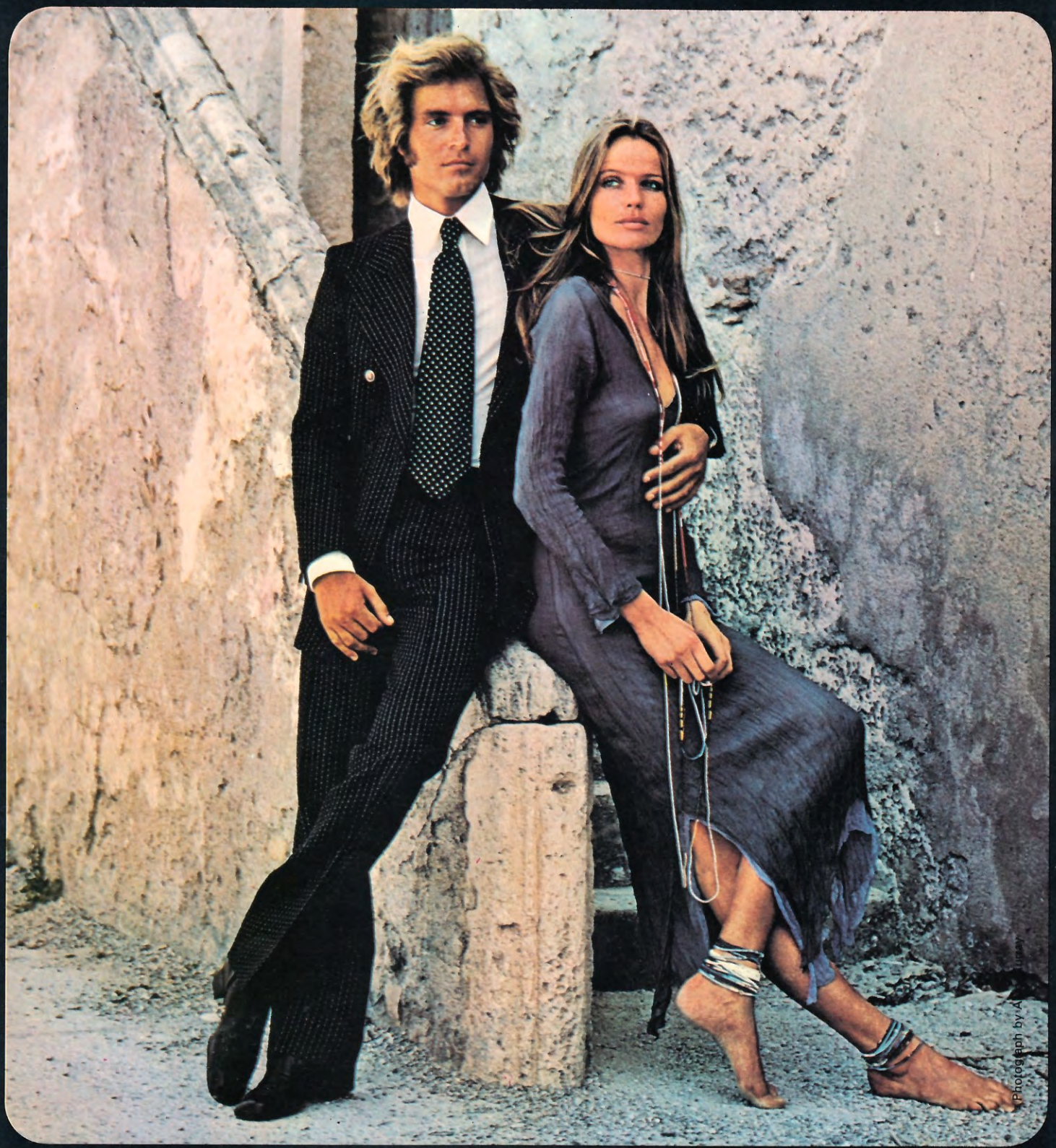
I have read Penthouse for some time now and have noted readers' views on bondage and pain in the bedroom etc. I agree with Mrs. J.O. of Shenfield, Essex, (vol 6 no 9), that chains and padlocks are better than straps or cords. Her use of the sensitive areas of pubic or chest hair can be very effective but I would suggest the use of tiny clamps such as used by model-makers, instead of tape. Bunches of hair can be clamped together and cords fixed to the clamps. If the man has a beard, one clamp can be attached to each side of his face and he can be made to turn his head in any direction the woman

"What worries me is, if there is a 'second coming' how will we know?"

ASSIGNATION IN THE SUN

Veruschka: Golden limbed and casual in sparse noon shadow.

...AND TONIK IS ESCORT!



Photograph by A...

The Mohair Cloth for Men *from the best bespoke tailors*

Tonik* BY DORMEUIL

may require and ordered to perform any act that she may wish.

In regard to caning of men and women, it has often been said that the stories are made up and in many cases it is true that people find pleasure in reading about or imagining being tortured by a woman or man, but when it comes to the pain being inflicted they soon lose interest. A much better method is the use of a brush – the bristles, not the handle. This is a silent form of pleasure or punishment and can range from a sexual stimulant with a soft hair brush to punishment with a scrubbing brush etc. After a session with a scrubbing brush applied to the inner thighs, bottom etc, the result can be every bit as painful afterwards, paricularly when clothes are worn over the sore areas. The main advantage of this method is that no sound can be heard even in adjoining rooms and there is no sudden sharp pain, only a warm sensation which becomes hotter.—*D.H. (name and address supplied), Enfield, Middx.*

I can endorse Mrs. J.O's claim that the bondage method she describes is an effective "persuader". After reading her letter in Penthouse, my girlfriend persuaded me to let her try bondage on me. I did not relish the idea and told her so, but after 20 minutes of ifs and buts, I finally agreed. I said she could do what she liked with me for one hour provided she kept me happy for at least one hour afterwards.

Having no chains or padlocks in the house, she decided to cut up some old tights and use these to tie me up. She began on my feet (after having stripped me) and secured them quite firmly. She then tied my hands crossed behind my back using some obscure method which involved three pairs of tights (I would add here that she later had to use scissors to free me). Then, when I was stark naked and thoroughly trussed up, she put another pair of tights over my head and tied it loosely around my neck. She then employed a variant on Mrs. J.O's rejected method and tied another pair of tights round my scrotum, leaving my penis quite free. This had the effect of bouncing my balls against my thighs which, as Mrs. J.O. would say, is *persuasive*. I had to plead with her to stop—another couple of minutes and I would have been on my knees coughing. (When she tried it on a later occasion with cord the effect was not so shattering, probably because of the non-springiness of that material).

Soon, but not soon enough, my hour was up—or should I say *her* hour. She untied my scrotum and removed my headgear, leaving me with just my hands and feet tied. She then said that before I could be free I had to submit wholly to her—not that I hadn't already, a thousand times! She told me to get on my knees and kiss her boots and ask, from this humble position, to be freed. Well, my hour was up and this wasn't in the contract. But get on my knees I did, and that's not easy when you're trussed up in four or five pairs of Pretty Polly one-size stretch tights, and kissed her boots and asked to be freed. Finally I was at liberty and feeling better for it, and then it was my turn—I made sure that it was worth the price I had paid!—*"Brudo" (name and address supplied), Lytham St. Annes, Lancs.*

"You'd never get me up in one of those things!"

Bigger is better

I should like to comment on a letter from Miss O.N. of Nebraska regarding the attractions of a large penis. I too have seen the numerous statements by eminent experts, the latest by Robert Chartham in the December issue of *Forum* magazine, that penile length has no significance in performance but I agree with Miss O.N. The old saying "I've been rich and I've been poor and believe me rich is better" applies in my case. By that I mean that I have enough experience to back up what I say, at least as far as my own preference is concerned. Here's what I think:

1. A tight fit *is* better, once it's in and assuming the girl was amply prepared, prior to penetration. The important thing here is that the sight or touch of a large penis is sexually stimulating and helps to prepare the girl (me anyway). So a big one is better.

2. Of course, a man with a small penis *can* have intercourse, and of course he can "satisfy" a woman, in the sense that if she is out with a man and wants to have him enter her and becomes sexually aroused by propinquity, foreplay, fantasies or whatever, of course a small one will "satisfy" her desire right then. But that doesn't mean she wouldn't want a bigger penis next time, or choose a man who has a bigger one for her next partner.

3. Another point is that a girl likes the look of a big peter better than a small one. A man with a dinky little organ looks ridiculous compared to a good-sized one. This is true whether it is erect or limp. A man's penis is like a girl's breasts in this respect, I would think—sure, size isn't everything, but the more there is the more impressive it is. A girl (me, anyway) is impressed by what a man has that I don't regardless of details.

Related to this is how he looks in a Polaroid snapshot. Like many women, I carry two nude views of my husband in my wallet; one in which he is at rest and one fully erect. I sometimes sneak little thrilling peeks at his great big old thing and I am always glad it is as big as it is, remembering smaller ones I have known in the past. And of course, I am never ashamed of it if I trade snapshots with other wives. (By the way, I haven't seen any letters about this practice in Penthouse, but isn't it fairly common the past few years? This is my third husband, by the way, and both he and my second wanted to carry nude photos of me in *their* wallets, and both occasionally traded views of me with other men who also had snaps of their wives. So, with this husband, I demanded equal privileges, not really expecting to be showing other girls at the time, but after two or three other wives showed me *their* guys, proudly, I must say I joined in wholeheartedly.) I am *proud* to be a woman who has a man with a lovely long thick penis, and I wouldn't want my girl friends to think I had settled for a dinky pinky.

I said before that I think I have enough experience to back up what I say. I've been fascinated by penises ever since I first saw a boy with an erection when I was 10 or 11, some 26 years ago. Within a month I was "hooked" after first touching an erect one, and soon was taking the initiative in such delightful naughtiness. About a year later the picture had changed to one of mutual masturbation. I first had intercourse at 12 and was sold on the good feeling a penis gives By the time my mother learned I had said goodbye to my virginity, when I was 14, I had probably had relations with six or seven boys and more than 100 times. She was shocked and horrified, mostly fearing I would get pregnant and second for the family reputation. So Mother had me fitted with a diaphragm and there was no stopping me then. I have just been figuring up, as I write this, and I quite possibly have had over 400 men. I would say I have had every type of penis there is, and over the years size has become more important than almost anything else to me.—*Mrs. F.C.W. (name & address supplied), North Street, Washington D.C., U.S.A.*

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The search ends here.
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*recommended price

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

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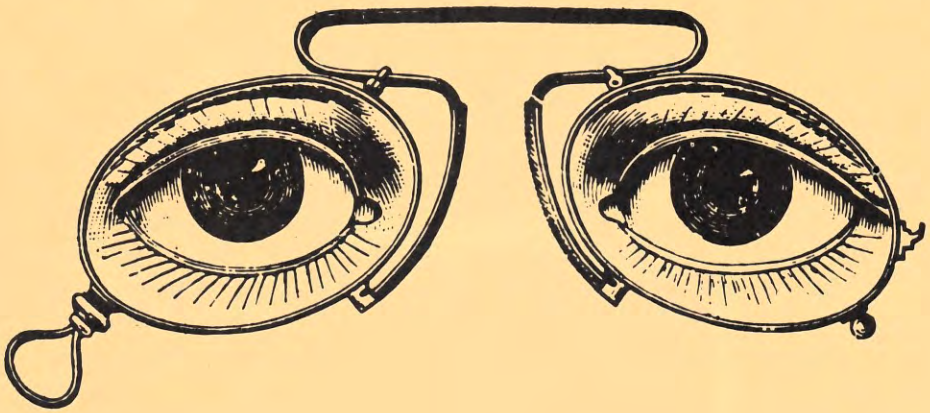
VIEW FROM THE TOP



LONGFORD & THE PORNOGRAPHERS

The indefatigable "investigations" of Lord Longford into what he considers to be the excesses of the permissive society are widening his circle of acquaintances spectacularly. In Denmark, besides briefly attending a sex show, he met that country's leading pornographer, Jens Theander. Back in England he has met the British counterpart —two young economics graduates of London University who claim to run the largest mail-order porn business in the UK. Bernard Hardingham and David Sullivan, in a few months' operation, have amassed a bookclub membership, they say, of more than 25,000. The following is a transcript* of the encounter between Lord Longford and these representatives of the "tide of filth".

Lord Longford: Well, it's a great pleasure to meet you, Bernard and you, David. And I gather you've been kind enough to come and see me today because you're both engaged in selling pornography. Is that the position?

Bernard Hardingham: Yes, certainly – we do in fact sell pornography.

L.: You're going to make a life's work of this?

H.: More than likely it will be an aspect of our operations. I don't think it will always be a dominant factor, though.

L.: On the face of it it's a rather weird choice isn't it? I don't know what your parents think of it.

H.: Vague sort of unease. But they are aware that we could be parcelling up matchboxes and posting them away. It's a business operation.

L.: But I mean if somebody says to your father or mother, "What is Bernard doing now?", and she says "Well, he's selling pornography" . . .?

H.: Ah no, no. She disguises it in very euphemistic terms.

L.: It makes people a bit ashamed doesn't it?

H.: I personally am more than happy to inform anyone I meet exactly what I am doing. I believe a person counts on his own. What his parents are doing and thinking is beside the point. It's my own decision and something I totally believe in. It's what I wish to do and so long as I can justify it to myself, I will continue to do it.

L.: What about you? Are you ashamed of it at all?

David Sullivan: No, I'm not ashamed at all.

L.: Are you proud of it?

S.: I *am* proud of it. I'm proud of what we have achieved in a short while. I left University 12 months ago . . .

L.: Yes? . . .

S.: I got a job in advertising. As a trainee I was earning £1500 a year. One could not live on that kind of salary. I had a good degree. But since then we have achieved an awful lot—we run a very efficient organization.

L.: What have you achieved?

S.: We have achieved turnover, we have achieved sales. In our terms we do not sell hard porn. . . .

L.: Sorry, I only know what I've been told.

S.: To large sections of the older middle class of this country what we sell is hard pornography. But to the majority of the ordinary working class and to the educated young people in this country what we sell is pin-up, it's a joke, it's glamour, it's adult reading, it's sex education, it is not really hard pornography. Bestiality, à la Denmark, this is hard porn. What we sell is a little weaker.

L.: Well, I don't know, let's see what we have here (*takes some magazines from his desk*).

S.: If you have some samples we'll say whether we sell it or not.

H.: Collected over a lifetime?

L.: No, only over the last few months. Now would you say that this is hard porn? (*shows a magazine.*)

S.: No I wouldn't. We used to sell that magazine, but not any more as there wasn't a lot of demand for it. I think it's unusual, somebody wanting to see photographs of somebody being beaten. But I myself would not stop somebody buying it. And I see no reason why an individual can say to another individual: "You should not sell that."

L.: Well, we're not discussing censorship at the moment. What we are discussing now is why you two young gentlemen with the world at your feet should go in for this extraordinary line of business.

H.: But I would assert initially that when one graduates the world isn't at your feet. One has to scrape to make a living. And after accepting the conventional system, getting a job in industry, making reasonable progress there, if one has any initiative, any sort of flair, wants to get on, make money, be a success, one will move into any field.

L.: Then where do you draw the line? Supposing somebody asked you to be a male prostitute?

H.: I suppose if I was really hard up, I'd probably do it.

L.: What about you? Would you draw the line at that?

S.: I would, yes. I would not be a male prostitute. I can think of no circumstances in which I would do that sort of thing because I find it repulsive. At the same time I would not prevent other people from doing it. I feel that male prostitutes could be performing an important social role in releasing certain people's sexual energies.

L.: Do you think they should be made available on the National Health?

S.: Well, possibly. But I feel that pornography also can perform an important social function.

L.: Where do you operate exactly?

S.: London, East London. We're purely a mail order company, we deal with our own book-club members. People become members by joining and paying a fee.

L.: You're the kind of people who send me letters saying: "Dear Friend, I think you would like something. . . ."

H.: No, not at all. None of our stuff is unsolicited. People can get on to our mailing list in one of two ways: buying merchandise from us, or requesting lists. We send out monthly mailing shots to these people but there's no question of unsolicited mailing shots. Mainly because it doesn't pay.

S.: And now there's a law to stop us doing it. Before the law we did try a mailing shot to 1000 people at random. And this is interesting because it was to people who were male and between the ages of 19 and 35. A lot of our customers are not the dirty old men, they're young men.

L.: They're dirty young men, are they?

S. (*laughs*)*:* Well, dirty young men as you would call them. I would call them men about town or ordinary men in the street. But to get back to what we were saying: we do not do unsolicited mailing shots. We spend £300 per week on just straight advertising to bring in new members to our bookclub. This is how we get members. You don't get any letters "Dear Friend" from us.

L.: But you would agree with my account of these people that they are very sick?

S.: No, not at all. I think they are just ordinary people. You know, 95% of the people in this country.

L.: Well if it were 95% of the men I think you'd be making a fortune even quicker.

H.: No, because you can see a pattern where people buy out of curiosity, out of a desire to learn, and once they have appeased this, they won't buy any longer. This to my mind is never to be described as a sick mind, purely one that's inquisitive or seeking education.

L.: Do you mean that you have people who buy for a while, see all they want and then pack it up?

H.: Exactly. I never see it in terms of somebody being addicted.

L.: Ah, but there are plenty of those. I know enough about it to know *this,* because if you talk to any of the newsagents round here, even the fairly respectable ones, they'll tell you that they do have people who come in every week and buy this sort of material.

S.: But suppose you buy *The Times* every day, do you say that you're addicted to reading *The Times*?

(*End of first tape. Second tape follows.*)

H.: What we are doing is surely just the same as parcelling up books published by Sidgwick & Jackson? (*the publishing company with which Lord Longford is involved.*)

L.: Well, I don't know. An ordinary publisher takes a sort of pride in the books he publishes.

S.: I would take pride if I could sell real pornography, because then I could be giving our customers what they really want. Half our customers are satisfied with what they get. They like perhaps a large-breasted girl. They like mini skirt, bra, pantie and suspender-belt shots. They like the sex education books—all the sexual positions, oral love. But 50% of our customers desperately want to buy real pornography. If I was selling them what they wanted, I could then take a real pride in what I was publishing. I cannot do this because the law prevents us from supplying the commodity.

L.: The hard porn?

S.: The real hard porn.

L.: You mean intercourse between women and animals, that sort of thing? Do you think that's unnatural?

S.: I . . . I find it disgusting.

L.: Well, you draw the line somewhere. No, I'm sorry to come back to this. The question is, do you draw the line yourself as to what is disgusting and what isn't?

S.: I find it disgusting, but at the same time I can accept that 5% of the people . . .

L.: That's a different question.

S.: . . . find it exciting, and I would say: We'll sell it to you, because you want to buy it and because I don't think it's going to do you any harm.

L.: Anyway, you are disgusted at certain things yourself. And you also?

H.: Yes, certainly. Aspects like that aren't personally appealing, but nowhere down the line should they be denied to anyone who really wants them.

L.: Well, now you take the line, I assume, that you aren't doing people any harm by selling them what I call "filth". I daresay you sell much harder porn than you see in the windows of Soho, though I'm not very popular in the inner rooms of Soho so I don't see what's in there—but if you take a stroll through Soho you see a lot of perversion there don't you, in the windows?

S.: What do you mean by perversion?

L.: Well, sadism.

S.: Well, if you call this perversion . . .

L.: What else do you call it? Normal sex or something?

S.: No.

H.: I think if it's being done by two people and it's giving them mutual satisfaction, it's never perversion or unnatural. It's only if it becomes an unhealthy craving on a recurrent basis that it might be labelled perversion.

L.: You wouldn't call it perversion, whipping and all that sort of thing?

H.: Not if it's giving two people pleasure.

L.: Well, if you're not going to call it perversion, you're certainly departing from ordinary language. Ninety-nine people out of 100, if we're going to take that test, would call any sort of whipping perversion.

S.: You could just call it "unusual sexual acts". You're just using words. Sure it's "unusual sexual acts", and again it doesn't appeal to me as a person.

H.: I think it's more dangerous if it's thwarted. If somebody has a willing partner I think it's more than reasonable to allow them to indulge. I think this is why the law was introduced to allow two consenting adults . . .

L.: But getting back to sadistic literature, it's very hard to prove anything scientifically in this field. If it was proved that this sort of literature led to cruelty—to real cruelty, to concentration camps and that sort of thing—would you draw the line there?

H.: If I could see a positive link, yes.

L.: You would?

H.: But I've yet to be convinced on this basis.

L.: Would you then be against racialism? Or do you take the line that anything goes—let people preach racialism if they want to?

H.: Well, I think that when a society reaches the stage where we have to enact laws . . .

L.: The Race Relations Act?

H.: Exactly. I would oppose it most vehemently.

S.: I would oppose it also. I think Britain is going mad. It's doing the Big Brother.

L.: Take anti-semitism. If I choose to make anti-semitic speeches, saying "Let's string up the Jews," you think I ought to be allowed to say it?

S.: Yes, but I think . . .

L.: That's coming into the tape, isn't it?

S.: Yes. I firmly believe that . . .

L.: I mean, you two gentlemen are quite extreme.

S.: No, no. We believe in freedom.

L.: Well let's get it clear what you are standing for. You won't have this cut off the tape will you?

S. (*laughing*)*:* No—words, I believe, hurt no-one.

L.: But if instead of just saying let's string

up the Jews, you actually string them up?
S.: That of course would be wrong as that would be infringing the Jews' human rights. Equally, I feel that the Jews should be able to say "Let's string up all British people." This I can accept.
L.: But do you not think that words have any effect on conduct? May I very respectfully suggest you read John S. Mill's *On Liberty,* written about 100 years ago. I mean, you are going further than anyone I've run into.
S.: I'm not saying words have absolutely no effect, but I'm saying it is too dangerous to interfere with an individual's right to freedom of speech. If you do this, you're in a Communist state, you're in China, you're in Russia.
L.: But . . .
S.: Whenever you disagree with somebody's, point of view, you say it is wrong and he should not say it.
L.: Let's at least understand each other. Do you understand my point that there are certain words which have an effect on conduct and if they lead to vicious conduct then these words must be stopped? But you gentlemen are more extreme and you wish to go on holding those views. I think that by the time you are 10 years older you will have forgotten that you ever said it. But at any rate it's a free discussion now. I think we've got about as far as we can go, haven't we? You are extreme—I'm a moderate . . .
H.: This is an impression we've never received.
S.: To us you are an extremist.
L.: But I *am* a moderate.
S.: To us and a lot of people in the street, you are an extremist.
L.: No, but I'm not, I'm telling you.
H.: You're totally inflexible—you want pornography removed totally.
S.: And you're looking for evidence to back you, and you have a loaded commission.
L.: Who told you that?
S.: This is what appears from the papers. How many pornographers do you have on your commission?
L.: You mean you want to join? (*laughter.*)
S.: If I had the time, if I could bring 60 people along with me to counteract the loaded sections, then I'd love to join. No, but basically it is a loaded commission.
L.: It isn't. You go on saying that. It just isn't true.
S.: How did you select your committee? Would you argue firmly that it is a representative cross-section of the British people?
L.: Er, it's representative of the people who would be ready to serve on my committee. One or two people refused—people who thought we were too hostile to pornography . . .
S.: Therefore all the people . . .
L.: No . . . for God's sake do listen to what I'm saying. The editor of *Private Eye,* whom I know, declined, and other people felt they weren't sympathetic. But by and large we have thrown it open to everybody, except those who are positively favourable to pornography. To be quite frank, I'm sure you're an intelligent person and you do see that if we are going to have people like you and your colleague on it, we wouldn't make any progress at all because we would all disagree so totally. It just wouldn't be worth having an inquiry.
S.: But if it's an inquiry . . .
L.: No, no. Forgive me saying so, I've been on a lot of inquiries. When I was personal assistant to Sir William Beveridge, later Lord Beveridge, when he drew up the Beveridge Report, we were attacking want, extreme poverty. It was no good having people on the inquiry who thought want was a good thing. I mean, you've got to have people who have some communal aim. But at any rate we are receiving evidence from Richard Neville, Tony Palmer, who wrote the book on *Oz,* and Mr John Montgomery who is chairman of the Arts Council Working Party. And we've written to the Humanist & Secular Society. But all this stuff about a loaded committee was published in various newspapers long before the names of the committee members were established. I'm telling you what I know about and I hope you will take this one thing from me—when this inquiry comes out, as far as I'm concerned, it will be a reputable inquiry. If you think it's decided in advance, that it's loaded, then that's too bad.
H.: But within a framework like that, you know, you're endangering our livelihood.
L.: Am I? Oh am I really? (*laughter*) Some people pretend that I'm the pornographers' greatest friend. I've been called the patron saint of the pornographers. Do you agree with that?
H.: Forcing it underground even more?
L.: I would like to think that you two gentlemen would turn your undoubted talents to something much better. Are you married?
S.: No.
L.: Are you married?
H.: No.
L.: Well, I'm sure that when you marry, you will give up pornography. I met a gentleman who had made a lot of money, perhaps even more than you, in Denmark. I asked him about his children, and he said to me, oh no he wouldn't dream of putting his children into pornography. As soon as he had made his pile he was going to go back to producing decent films. And I would like to think that it was the same with you. That when you marry you'll find your wife won't be very proud of you if you're producing pornography.

Jagger: *who will throw the first Stone?*

I think your wives will be ashamed of you.
S.: Surely they won't marry us if they're ashamed of us? (*laughter*)
L.: Well, they'll wish to reclaim you. A pornographer may appeal to a wife in that way. I don't think in 10-years from now, you'll be engaged in selling pornography. But if I am still alive I hope you'll both come along and tell me you've become parsons or something.

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SOUNDS

NOT MUCH SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

Since the Stones first reached the charts, Mick Jagger's publicity developed the myth of the dangerous and perverse young man, summoning satanic influences with his black magic rock, casting mysterious and malignant spells on those around him.

And then in 1969 at Altamont, as the Stones played *Under My Thumb* in the gathering dusk, an 18-year-old coloured speed freak called Meredith Hunter forced his way toward the stage with a .22 Smith & Wesson, apparently intent on murdering Jagger. Before Hunter could fire, Hell's Angels clawed him down, stabbing him in the back, forehead and neck. He was dead before Altamont's hard-pressed medics could get to him.

The point of this incident was an important one in the understanding of today's pop superstars. As veteran music writer Karl Dallas propounds in his new book *Singers of an Empty Day* (Kahn & Averill, £2.00), Jagger had become indistinguishable from his legend, and was due to die. Five attempts

had already been made on his life during the American trip that climaxed at Altamont, and it may only have been the indomitable meanness of the Angels that saved him from Hunter.

Dallas believes that pop stars reach a stage when their audiences think they literally *possess* them. It happened, certainly, with Bob Dylan. When Dylan temporarily abandoned his early protest-type singing in favour of electric rock with The Band, he was booed by his former fans – not because they were purists, but because they thought they *owned* him, and here he was demonstrating that they did not. Dylan's manager warned him that if he kept on singing live, his days would be numbered. Today he appears in person only very rarely.

Even the Beach Boys, heroes of the surf and bubblegum set, were the target for a hail of ripped-up seating at one of their concerts. The violence was possessive and intense – the frustration of adoring disciples who know they cannot ever own the object of their swooning desires.

Jagger adds to the peril of his position by being an unusually ambiguous and indefinable character. He pouts like a girl, waves his hands like a faggot, grinds and gyrates his bulging crutch. When he sings *I Can't Get No Satisfaction,* he has a limp "face-slapping" routine. The crowd throw long-stemmed roses on to the stage. As Dallas says: "You'd think he was Judy Garland singing *Over The Rainbow.*" When Jagger was filming *Performance,* the strangely autobiographical movie of a pop idol, one of his scenes required him to wear lipstick and makeup. He took to it so much that he started wearing it off the set as well.

When Brian Jones drowned in his swimming pool at A. A. Milne's former home, Jagger mourned his passing in a white mini-skirt, and sent clouds of butterflies flickering up over Hyde Park. There was his Marianne Faithfull affair, the potsmoking bit, the disastrous Ned Kelly film, and Jagger's own business manoeuvering: he had edged Brian Jones out of the band even before Jones became so saturated with pills and paternity suits that his musical performance was no longer acceptable.

Binding all these aspects together, but by no means into a comprehensible character, is Jagger's "evil genius" persona. This is conjured up in his amazing and memorable stage performance and the devilish miasma of *Their Satanic Majesties Request, Sympathy for the Devil,* and so on.

Karl Dallas, while recognizing the power of the Jagger legend, is ultimately sceptical of it. On stage, he says, Jagger is big enough for it. But off-stage "he is a little too small, a little too human." So "he chickened off to the Riviera before it was too late, before the myth completely destroyed his private life." And presumably, before another Meredith Hunter got too close.

Who is responsible for the terrifying intensity of the superstar legends? To a large extent, publicity men and journalists, and all those who stand to make money out of them. But the audience is also responsible. It likes its Mick Jaggers to be overpowering and dangerous; its Beatles to be incredibly cuddly; its Hendrixes to be the black man under the bed, raring to screw the arse off our white daughters. It wants them all to be something they can grasp, to be tangible representations of fantasies that excite alarm or please it.

And when they turn out to be cross-grained and real, like John Lennon or Bob Dylan, the audience rejects them in annoyance. They kill them either by swamping them with their own legend – like Janis Joplin, poisoned with booze and pills, or Jim Morrison, whose heart seized up as he wanked in his Paris bath – or we try to assassinate them.

The real devil is not Mick Jagger at all; it is his fans.

Private Eye: *the art of insult*

SCENES

ABORT AND SOLD

Despite all the official, semi-official and newspaper investigations of its workings, and some consequential tightening up, Britain's abortion law is still having undesirable by-products.

True, the few bad private clinics have been closed. Even some of the good clinics have been improved by government regulation (such as the time spent by women in care and the number and type of instruments required to be at the clinic). Some abortion bureaux—non-medical links between the foreign girl and the appropriate doctors and clinics—have been closed. Some progress has even been made towards stamping out taxi and minicab touting for abortion girls at Heathrow Airport.

Yet the girl entering Britain for an abortion must still be prepared for abuses. According to the stories of several girls, they have been stopped at immigration control at the airport for several hours while they were questioned about their reasons for entry. Nothing had led them to expect this beginning to their stay. Most of them had obviously valid visas. Then, since many of the girls have no set place to go or even any clear idea of how to get the abortion, the touts around the airport still have a good time.

One German girl told us how a man with what appeared to be a private car took her to a small office in central London where they said they could get her an abortion if she paid them £10. She paid the £10 on the basis that she would return there in 24 hours to be taken to a clinic; when she returned, no one was there. In this case, and in others, there is no evidence to indicate that full-scale abortion bureaux are operating. It is simply that a lot of small-time crooks are taking advantage of temporary immigrants who usually have plenty of money. They have plenty of money *because* often they don't know what further items of expenditure there will be beyond the principal costs they've been told about. Or they may have no idea what any of the costs are likely to be and in a kind of distraught desperation take all they can get hold of.

In the hotels which generally form part of a package deal under which the best-organized girls travel, there are further hazards. Many of the hotels are somewhat shady places, particularly in West London; they are chosen by the abortion organizers in the home country because they are close to the private clinics, but there is evidence that hotel groups in the area have solicited abroad *via* agents to get on the organizers' books. There are many tales of thefts from rooms in these hotels, which are never compensated by the managements—despite their legal liability—even where the girls have complained vigorously. Many of the hotels, though charging double their normal rates for these girls, neglect their responsibility to these girls—allegedly treating them "as though we were dirt" as one American teenager put it. The population of these hotels, staff and guests, is a floating one and often contains petty criminals.

Another problem in the hotels (which are often used both before and after the operation) is approaches from pornographers and girl-chasers. Abortion girls in Britain are far away from home and particularly vulnerable to persuasion because of their condition, of which often they feel ashamed. In one Queensway hotel, several American girls from the west coast complained to the manager that "men just come up to our rooms and lay propositions." Among the propositions: posing for nude photographs, sleeping with the men for free or for money, buying contraceptives (some of the girls are still not sure whether this was serious or not), and becom-

ing prostitutes in London after their operations (some of the terms offered sound grotesque, including free living accommodation). The girls had some difficulty getting rid of these men.

Finally, there are complaints that for the fees paid (sometimes £400, though there are wide differences, often due to the size of the girl's purse, it appears) the treatment is inadequate. The American girls particularly complain of a lack of information about their condition and treatment, especially at discharge. For a simple D & C, others say, the price was too high; they would not return to Britain if they were in need of another abortion. Some are sent away from the clinic with side effects, often back to the hotel where there is no medical care.

Britain's abortion law is humane, and there is no reason why its benefits should not be shared by troubled girls from less enlightened countries—nor why foreign currency should not be earned from this invisible export. But much needs to be done in the private sector if Britain is to retain its progressive reputation and not be overtaken by new competitors like Germany and New York.

SHOWS

THE STARK TRUTH

Curiously, people remember Graham Stark for one of the smallest parts he has ever played. He was a monk in the Richard Burton epic *Becket*, and his sole appearance required him to walk a few paces across the screen and open a door.

"It couldn't have lasted more than a few seconds," admits Stark, "but there must have been something about it that stuck in people's minds. Perhaps it's the way I walk. Richard Burton leapt up behind me and walked across the set in exactly the same way. He said: 'He was so lovely, I had to do it with him.' "

Now Stark, at 49, is attempting to expand his growing reputation with a much larger piece of film-making. He directed the seven-episode comedy feature *The Magnificent 7 Deadly Sins* for Tigon Films, and has won acclaim from the critics (including, unexpectedly, the *Financial Times*) for the service this film has done to British humour.

The problem with comedy as Stark saw it was that the days of the short film were over (apart from a few inspired exceptions from such comedians as Bernard Cribbins), yet humour was extremely difficult to sustain for a full-length film. Many brilliant funny men, in particular Tony Hancock, had discovered this to their cost.

The solution was a portfolio of short pieces, each featuring a different comedian. The format would be acceptable to the demands of modern cinemas, while retaining the favourable length of about 15 minutes per piece. "No single person, with the possible exception of Jacques Tati, can make you laugh for two hours," Stark argues. "And let's face it, he's a genius."

Once contracts had been signed, Stark enlisted a different artiste for each of the seven deadly sins—avarice, envy, gluttony, greed, lust, sloth and wrath—and put some of the finest of Britain's script writers to work on the scenarios. Harry Secombe, Bruce Forsyth, Spike Milligan, Marty Feldman, Harry H. Corbett, Leslie Phillips and Julie Ege were among his captures.

By consensus of the actors, the film was one of the most rewarding they had been involved in. It gave them the opportunity to express one funny point, get the juice out of it, and then retire gracefully on the peak of audience response. There was also a limited but real opportunity for improvization.

Spike Milligan, who plays a man so slothful that he cannot be bothered to take his hands out of his pockets to pick an apple that he wants, ended his piece by falling dead on the ground. "On the day we were shooting," says Stark, "he suddenly said: 'Dig a grave.' We said what?? But in the end I said: 'It's his piece, let him do it.' And we ended up with one of the funniest little scenes in the whole picture. Spike fell into the grave, then his hand came over the top to grab the apple, and a few seconds later the core popped out."

Another piece of rewarding improvization came when Stark wanted to use Penthouse Pet Tina McDowall in a nude scene. Tina, he felt, would be more relaxed in the presence of Penthouse Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione, and so the magazine's own master lensman made a brief but memorable appearance in the movie.

A Liverpudlian, Graham Stark's comedy career began in the RAF, where he toured the battlefronts with the Gang Show, alongside such now-famous names as Peter Sellers and Dick Emery. He went into rep. after the war, but was given possibly his greatest opportunity by Tony Hancock, who visited him in his basement flat in London, "felt sorry for me", and offered him a part on his radio programme.

Stark, whose principal talent as a performer is his remarkable range of voices, made full use of the golden age of radio. By the time television was seriously infringing on the popularity of the "wireless", he had appeared in almost every radio variety show: *Educating Archie* with Peter Brough, deputizing for Spike Milligan on *The Goon Show*, accompanying Hancock in *Hancock's Half Hour*.

He made the transition to television without much difficulty, since he is a character actor rather than a stand-up comedian (he is noticeably good as a henpecked husband.) Then came his association with films, and the 7 *Deadly Sins*.

Seven Deadly Sins: *this is the fifth*

There is already talk of a follow-up to this first package film with another similar production, though Stark is chary of committing himself before contracts are signed. If it does materialize, he may well be able to count himself responsible for one of the most significant revivals of British humour since the war—which is good going for a monk with a funny walk.

WORDS

ALL FRENCH GIRLS DO

The art of insult is what the toymakers might describe as a game for two or more players, to be played at personal or national levels. Sooner or later, the exchange of abuse between nations or races assumes a sexual character. To the English, V.D. is "the French disease" or "French pox", contraceptives are "French letters", and the aphrodisiac cantharides are "Spanish fly". The folklore of the British armed forces is rich in accounts of Arab or Latin girls performing sexual acrobatics with beer bottles or donkeys. As for Continental women, it seems common knowledge that the strong sunlight makes them twice as sexy and three times as easy to seduce as any English girl.

On the other hand, the French regard homosexuality as "the English disease", and sadism, particularly flagellation, as *le vice Anglais*. English travellers were condemning the Italians as sodomites as early as the 16th century, though sodomy is known in Italy as *Il vizio Inglese*. English girls may be deprived of Continental sunshine, but most Frenchmen or Italians know that they are brought up with a naïveté which makes them twice as credulous and three times as easy to seduce as any Roman or Parisienne.

The exchange of insults between nations or

races is roughly equal, though smaller countries can expect to get the worst of it. All medieval Europe turned against Bulgaria, coining the term "bugger" to describe its inhabitants as a people among whom unnatural vice was universal. Insults and myths are hard to dislodge. Dorothy Coveney and W. N. Medlicott in their anthology of abuse, *The Lion's Tail* (Constable £3.00) confirm that, in the eyes of the world, English sex, like the weather and the cooking, is a chilly and unappetizing business. The English, as represented by Sir Richard Burton, claimed that the perversions of foreigners were so well-known that they could be detailed on the map. They never were, though this would have made an instructive addition to the pages of school atlases usually reserved for crops, rainfall, and prevailing winds.

Racial insults have been increasingly frowned on in the last decade and, in the cause of international goodwill, jokes about other nationalities have not been much encouraged. With the publication of the retrospective *Life and Times of Private Eye* (Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £2) it is interesting to see how much of this material was adapted to the "satire boom" of the 1960s. Among photo-cartoons, there is Enoch Powell sitting on a sofa, his arms held out to their widest extent, exclaiming: "And I tell you, some of them have got them *this* long!" The folklore of race and penis-length is clearly to be with us for some time to come.

A second photo-cartoon shows President De Gaulle delivering his New Year message for 1969: "A happy soixante-neuf to you all." It might have been Mr. Wilson saying, "A happy 69 to you all," but not every English girl does, though all French girls do (don't they?) at the drop of a pair of trousers.

In similar vein, *Private Eye* soon put the Paris student revolution of 1968 into perspective in its send-up of "Student Power Mania." What the *New Statesman* called "A new approach to the organization of human societies," *Private Eye* translated as "A lot of mad Frogs charging about as per usual." The *Observer*'s "Something clearly is stirring under the surface of our inherited assumptions about the nature of our societies," becomes "A lot of Frogs are setting fire to cars and ripping up the streets."

Private Eye, as both its friends and enemies might agree, is a fair specimen of the art of insult or satire. At one extreme there are items in such bad taste that their likely effect is to win sympathy for the person attacked. At the other extreme there are features which are simultaneously outrageous and very funny.

The art of insult, like the art of boxing, rests on no moral justification and may simply bring out the worst in both participants and spectators. For all that, it seems to be as popular as it ever was. Perhaps, in a great many years it may be acknowledged that, for instance, no one part of the human race is sexually more remarkable or eccentric than any other. Until then, most ears will prick up at the words, "There was an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman. . . ."

RECOMMENDED READING

Joanna Richardson, *La Vie Parisienne* (Hamish Hamilton, £4) The most glamorous city in its most scandalous years. Well-told with over 300 illustrations, many in colour.

Alex Karmel, *My Revolution* (Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £3.50). Novel recreation of secret thoughts and life of arch-pornographer Restif de la Bretonne, who tried to out-do De Sade.

George Macdonald Fraser, *Flash for Freedom!* (Barrie & Jenkins, £1.75). Third novel of Harry Flashman, Cad Extraordinary, sacked from Tom Brown's Rugby, now sailing aboard slave ship *Balliol College*.

Desmond Cory, *Take my Drum to England* (Hodder & Stoughton, £1.50). Stylish thriller of young fanatic with a bomb and an urge to kill in the cause of Spanish republicanism.

WHEELS

FACTS AND NON-FACTS

Though cars are among the most written-about of human interests there has always been a surprising absence of reliable reference books about them. Every year in the Christmas season publishers with an eye on the gift market bring out elaborately illustrated coffee-table books about cars, but these are more in the nature of fan books than reference books. Turn to them for information and you will probably find the facts either wrong or missing. So a book of facts from the publishers of the respected and internationally successful *Guinness Book of Records* should be some kind of breakthrough.

Car Facts & Feats (Guinness Superlatives, £2) may yet move into that class, but its first showing leaves it with a long way to go. The book, edited by Anthony Harding, is curiously divided into sections, of which three out of five are devoted to motor sport. That leaves one section for a review of motoring before 1919, and a final section to cover everything that has happened since. This odd emphasis leads to innumerable non-facts, or contrived facts, such as, "The only pre-war lap record to stand unbroken on a circuit virtually unchanged . . .", or "Giuseppe Campari was the last of the top-line drivers who started racing before the First World War to remain active in Grands Prix . . ." or "Motorsport is normally associated with young men but there are always exceptions . . ."

If the book is going to become a standard work its editor should get busy pruning out that sort of mish-mash and rewriting the entries into proper "record" form. On page 198 an item refers to "Captain George Eyston, perhaps the most prolific record-breaker of them all . . ." Perhaps? Surely it's the job of a book like this to tell us whether he was or he wasn't.

Credibility is also undermined by some outright errors. Tubeless tyres, it is stated, "were used on motorcycles and American light cars in the 1890s but reinvented by Dunlop in 1953." In fact the modern revival of tubeless tyres dates from the B. F. Goodrich specimens, marketed in 1948. "Swivelling headlamps, which turn with the front wheels, were first seen on 1967 Citroens". Only if the eyes were averted when the swivelling headlamp was shown on the 1947 Tucker Torpedo prototype.

This slippery "first seen" formula is also applied to electric window lifts, credited to Daimler in 1946, with the added information that "the first large-scale producer was Packard in 1948." Electric windows, however, were "seen" in 1946 as a factory option on Cadillac (along with electric seats) who have been producing them in quantity ever since. They were seen even earlier on some Lincoln Continental models. So this entry manages to be wrong on both counts.

A misleading item states that the "first car to be offered with a synchromesh gearbox was the 1929 Cadillac. The first British makers to adopt synchromesh were Vauxhall and Rolls-Royce in 1932". Vauxhall, however, was not "a British maker" at the time, having become a General Motors subsidiary in 1926. Synchro-Mesh, as it was then called, was a General Motors patent, which explains how Vauxhall came to get it. Rolls had to pay royalties.

Besides these and other clangers, a wide range of common technical equipment does not even get a mention in the book. Who, for example, pioneered limited-slip differentials, rubber engine mounts, hydraulic valve lifters, sealed-beam lamps, self-adjusting brakes, body rustproofing, and umpteen similar touches? We shall just have to hope that *Car Facts & Feats* will eventually get around to telling us. Meantime, the book still contains much to interest the motoring reader.

HOW TO BE A PEDESTRIAN PAIN—5

At a crossroads where a car is waiting for a break in the oncoming traffic stream to turn right, dart across in front of it just when the car moves off. The driver will have to choose between running you over and stopping dead in the path of an oncoming lorry. The satisfying part is that you'll have the Highway Code on your side.

PASSIONS & LECHERY OF

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great, the pocket Venus who is said to have died after attempting bestiality with a horse, commanded in the thirty-four years of 1762-96 the most sexually active reign of any known Empress in history—rivalling even the alleged histories of the Borgias.

History books have only hinted at this—*The Passions and Lechery of Catherine the Great* unfolds the entire, incredible story . . . of lovers selected from the lowest ranks of the Army, solely for their sexual prowes s("an armchair or a divan was sufficient for this kind of exercise") . . . of lovers who—made physically aware of Catherine's insatiability—selected additional "stallions" for the royal boudoir . . . of incredible furniture for the "erotic salon" such as the "sex chair" (photographed in this book) with its carved headpiece of a girl performing fellatio.

Side by side with the text, on almost every facing page, there unfolds an intensely erotic panorama of frescoes from the now-destroyed Gatchina Palace. Little by way of anatomical details is omitted from these vigorous and superb drawings of sexual abandon. *In no previous book published in Britain has such a totally revealing sequence of drawings ever been published.* As a collector's item it has no peer. Not for sale to minors.

THE MOUTH & ORAL SEX

Now you can read the book that was banned—and subsequently acquitted—in the first unexpurgated post-trial edition. Paul Ableman's *Mouth and Oral Sex* was the subject of one of the most controversial legal cases since *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *Last Exit to Brooklyn.* It takes in the entire subject of man's erotic orality, dealing with mouth fetish, coprophagy, fellatio, cunnilingus, and a host of other related subjects. It quotes liberally and at length from several forbidden sexual works, including *Walter—My Secret Life.* Supplies of this outstanding book are strictly limited, so please order your copy now to avoid disappointment.

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HENRY MORGAN

Andy Hammond

OY, CANADA!

Yes, that's where I live now. I have been driven out of the U.S. by a dislike for New York City, my little old disgusting home town, and by the piggy greed of a fellow creature I must have been insane to marry about a quarter of a century ago. I'm tired of supporting both of them. One of them will shortly sue me in my new country and we'll find out what the Commonwealth considers to be justice. Oy.

Is it possible to dig the spirit of a country in just a few months? Yes, especially here where there isn't any. The average Canadian doesn't know who the hell he is. In one part of the country he thinks he's a Frenchman who is being exploited by English Protestants. Ontario feels vaguely American, vaguely British, and vaguely. British Columbia wants to be an American state, Victoria thinks it's the nicest part of London, and Vancouver, on the Pacific, is making love to Japan. Canada in general is united in thinking that Newfoundland is really Brooklyn.

They seem to be a nice amalgam of people who don't get along with one another any better than people do anywhere else. Chief Dan George, a movie-star Indian from British Columbia was asked (by me) if he felt more Canadian than Indian. He said: "I am of North America."

Since Canadians don't believe in investing their money at home, a large part of the national product is supplied by American capital. Every day an American corporation buys something from its Canadian owners. Ten minutes later the Canadian hurls himself to the ground, gnashing his teeth and screaming about American Imperialism.

No Canadian has made a movie with Dan George.

They moan a good deal about their culture, a phenomenon which seems to consist of Mary Pickford, a semi-demented old lady who left Canada as a child and found God in California by marrying a man who, today at the age of 68, calls himself Buddy Rogers; and Mordecai Richler, a depressed Jew who left Montreal at the age of 20 to live in London. Marshall McLuhan is a Canadian but, though they claim him to be a celebrity, nobody on the continent knows what he's talking about. There is the Toronto Symphony, the Royal Ontario Museum, and a blonde Doris Day type from the provinces who sings in restaurants.

This is also true: I was talking with a man in Montreal who has a heavy French-Canadian accent (yes, it's different) and, when I said I was leaving that evening for Toronto, he thought a minute and said: "Too many Italians there." And so, as Kurt Vonnegut would say, it goes.

Sex in Canada is taken care of by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which is staffed by people who *wish* they'd gone to London. Using tax money, they put on playlets about homosexuals who are just as good as you are, and about nymphomaniacs who are even better.

Everything here is printed in two languages . . . even a packet of pepper says *poivre* on the other side. This is because after 300 years of hearing the language the French population still can't speak English. Italians learn it in about a month, Japanese in about 10 minutes. But not the French. The whole province of Quebec is covered with churches, holy places and stations of the cross; mementoes of the European poverty and ignorance their ancestors sweated to leave.

The center of the country is 2,500 miles of wheat, studded with terrible little towns named Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Flin Flon. Since Canada is one of the world's major exporters of wheat, the farmers are always starving and hollering at the Government to bail them out. Why they are starving no one knows, and since the Government consists of people named Pepin, Trudeau, and, for all I know, Pompidou, they're not going to get bailed out.

Trudeau is my boy. He's flashy, smart, arrogant and able and everybody hates him. He's 52 and just had a baby by his new 23-year-old wife. Who could like a guy like that? He calls people "Monsieur" or "Buster" as the mood takes him, and when he needs to relax he goes skiing. Do *you* like him?

The attitude of Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal is very much like it would be in Dublin if suddenly there was some money. Everybody is for Progress in the old-fashioned, lousy sense of the word. It starts with Canada for Canadians and goes on to ring all the bells we've heard for so long . . . highways to help the city-haters choke up downtown, huge office buildings on tiny streets where, last year, goats wandered, sleazy high-rise apartment houses stuck willy-nilly in among the nice old homes, neighborhoods thrown into potato fields, each with three gas stations and a noisome supermarket. Oh, they've seen the world and found it good. The American influence is resented and the only borrowings have been rock, mugging, car-thefts and, just the other day, to give the place a stamp of true worth, a major airplane hijacking. Oy, Canada!

Even the salami is bland. Jewish salami tastes like Italian, and the Italian tastes like veal. The word "gourmet" in the advertisement of a restaurant means they've cut up their almond over the string beans. Oysters and lobster have been available in the major cities for almost ten years. An average dinner (they nearly all are) in the average restaurant (ditto) with a bit of wine is 15 dollars. (And today, of course, all dollars are average.) For English readers, that's £6, so stop complaining.

Well, is our hero going to remain in this terrible country? You bet. The major cities are attractive to the eye, clean of street, and the air is managing to break about even. There *are* trees and parks and lots of running water, to look at and to drink. A number of restaurants are first-class, the museums are top-hole, the symphonies are excellent, the people aren't surly, the police have things quite well in hand, there's a boutique on every corner and a sauna in every high rise. Nobody is rioting, the dollar is floating, the towns are jumping and, just the other day, I found an apartment at a reasonable price. *Que voudrez vous?*

This is by no means an invitation. Who needs you? I have my American passport of course, but that's just in case I feel like going on holiday to the Continent. I have a job (taken from a Canadian? No, I'm a humorist by trade) and I have a car. The temperature on average is about five degrees colder than New York.

And I hate New York. Oy!

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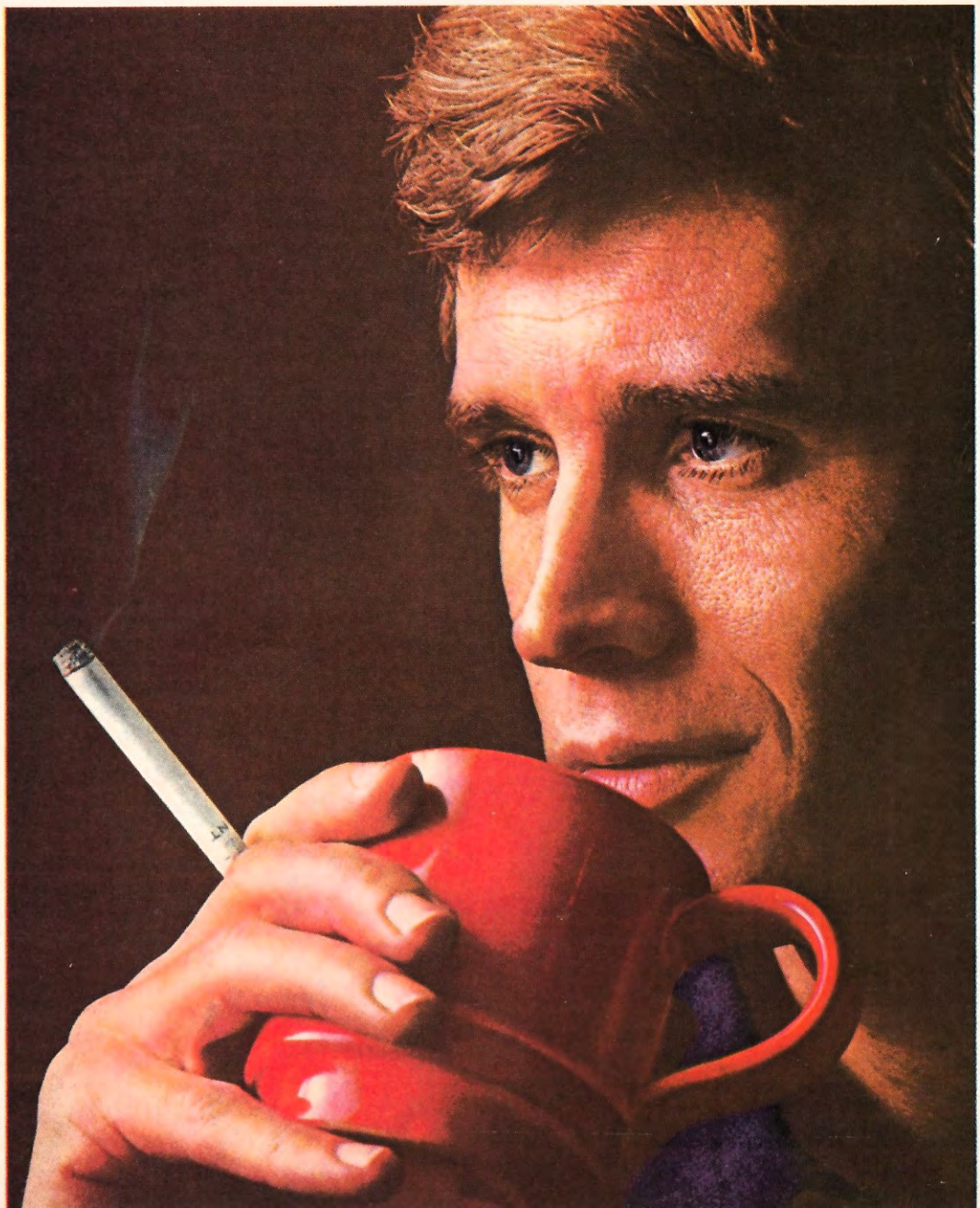

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A CURIOUS OBSESSION

by Chris Robbins

"I think it's extremely cruel. You can't defend it. But I am passionately fond of it. It controls me. Giving it up is a bit worse than kicking alcoholism."—
a British matador reminiscing at London's Club Taurine

The barmaid, unblinking and uncomprehending, serves drinks and ignores the extraordinary conversations going on around her. She does not understand a word. It is not surprising, for the language is that of some esoteric and mystical gathering. The talk is crammed with alien, forbidding data.

"That media veronica of Puerta in El Ruedo this week was beautiful . . . They weren't Miuras or Romeros, just burros with no casta at all . . . He takes his alternativa at Las Ventas . . ." And so on.

This is the jargon of the bullring. It is for this that the members of the Club Taurine have gathered. Unsporting and alien as it may seem, the club is a British organization dedicated to the delectation of the bullfight. It is based in London and solidly supported by Anglo-Saxons. It has met every month for the past 12 years, has 200 members in London and affiliated clubs in Manchester, Stratford, Leicester and Dartmouth. It even brings out its own monthly magazine.

The club meets in the private rooms of a West End pub on the first Thursday of every month. Films are shown, talks given, and a fair amount of alcohol consumed. Everybody is there for the same reason—to talk about the bulls. Most of the members are men. Foremost of the lady members is Beryl Bryden, the jazz singer. Large and over-friendly, she is possibly the club's only supporter of Cordobes. In a member of such long standing as Miss Bryden her liking for Cordobes is regarded merely as an eccentricity. In an outsider it would be received with a sneer and would brand the poor wretch as irrevocably on the side of the philistines. Other lady members have more sophisticated tastes, though they normally agree with their husbands. So high does feeling run that any serious division might end in a broken marriage.

And that's not just a flippant remark. For most members bullfighting is not just an interest or a hobby but an obsession. Many have learnt to speak

Henry Higgins—a career in Spain.

Daily Telegraph/Lionel Hardy

fluent Spanish so that they can read about and discuss the bullfight more fully. Others have made a systematic study of the spectacle and have libraries of books on it. Some spend a fortune filming the *corridas*. A few have even attempted to become matadors, while most have tested their skill and courage in the ring. As one member observed, "It's a curious obsession."

This obsession is the one thing most members have in common. In other ways, such as their professions and politics, they could hardly be a more mixed bunch. Among the members there is the principal of an art college, an income tax inspector, an advertising copywriter, a professor of languages, a jazz singer, a telephonist, a Harley Street specialist, a drummer, a chiropodist and a barrister. The political feelings of the club range from rigid supporters of Franco to equally vigorous opponents of his régime (the founder-president claims to have fought for Franco in the civil war, while the acting president is an ardent socialist).

The club was founded, amid sensational publicity and much hostility, by George Erik. He exposed himself to violent personal attack by addressing public meetings under the title "Bullfights for Britain". Erik says that he started the club more or less out of bloodymindedness. His object was to prove to his Spanish friends that there were aficionados in Britain.

He was nothing if not a publicist, and his first project—to stage a full *corrida* at Olympia—brought the press down on the club with hoots of glee. Erik took legal advice, considered things viable and arranged for three of the top matadors of the time to appear. Questions were asked in the House about the plan and there was a violent reaction from an outraged public. The controversy continued for some time. "In the end I had to drop the project for one simple reason," Erik says. "The bull would have had to go into six months' quarantine, and a bull interned in a corral in a strange atmosphere for six months would have been no use at all."

In the early years Erik's zeal bred an equally active opposition. The International Council Against Bullfighting came into being and published a series of pamphlets which fiercely attacked British aficionados. A selection of typical quotes reads: "The problem of how educated people can have their attention engaged by such barbarity without feeling any revulsion is one primarily for the psychiatrist... Features on bullfighting frequently appear in pin-up magazines. The combination of sex and sadism has always an irresistible appeal to depraved mentalities . . . Misguided and perverted intellectuals... Appears to be no limit to the moral cancer or the sophistry used . . . Virulent mental disease . . . Such individuals are mentally defective or at least retarded . . . Cannot be considered a fully evolved specimen of homo sapiens . . . Fiends in human form . . . Spiritually and ethically vacuous."

None of this upset George Erik. "The insults of the Council amuse me, frankly," he says with a throaty chuckle. It was all publicity and the membership was growing accordingly. The final publicity explosion came when somebody suggested in the press that the Club Taurine were paid agents of the Franco régime. "There was a hell of a hullabaloo," Erik remembers with pleasure. "I was very happy because this put the club on the map."

Some people did not confine themselves to the written word but took a more militant line. Erik received anonymous 'phone calls in the middle of the night which were either threatening or obscene. Things grew so bad that eventually he had to apply to the Post Office for a device that enabled him to switch the 'phone off at night. He had packets of excrement delivered to his doorstep and one man threatened to horsewhip him.

Things are quieter these days. Erik has handed over the presidency and is rarely seen at the club himself. He receives no obscene 'phone calls. "I think the furore created by the so-called Council Against Bullfighting lost its impetus altogether. With all due respect it does largely consist of a lot of fussy old ladies of both sexes. I've been on television face to face with them and it went very well. They were just reeling out the old clichés and they're very dishonest because they will keep bringing up things which no longer happen, and come out with the most stupid arguments.

"As distinct from the opposition you'll find that we are quite prepared to admit bullfighting isn't perfect. And I accept that a lot of Spaniards dislike bullfighting. I can put up a better case against bullfighting than most of the people who try, because I know it."

George Erik's flamboyant antics put off as many serious aficionados as they attracted. The president now is Walter Johnston, a very tall, very thin engineer. His approach is more educational than inflammatory. He shuns publicity and would hate to see bullfighting in Britain. Together with other members he has given talks on bullfighting to Young Conservatives, grammar-school sixth forms, Jewish societies, and has somehow even managed to include the Harmony Club of Stoke Newington.

"The South London Press reported a lecture I gave and called me, 'Olé—the Torero with Glasses'. Otherwise we have been let off relatively lightly by the press. We get a little trouble, of course, because in Britain we are in the same position as a cannibal society might be."

It is under the presidency of Johnston that the club has become respected in Spain. "Originally English aficionados were regarded as guests. They would take us to fights and treat us as a bit of a laugh. A year or two after the formation of the club, when they realized that we were giving serious lectures, having interviews with bull breeders and really going into the subject, they began to take some notice of us."

Johnston writes scholarly articles for the bullfight press in Spain. As early as

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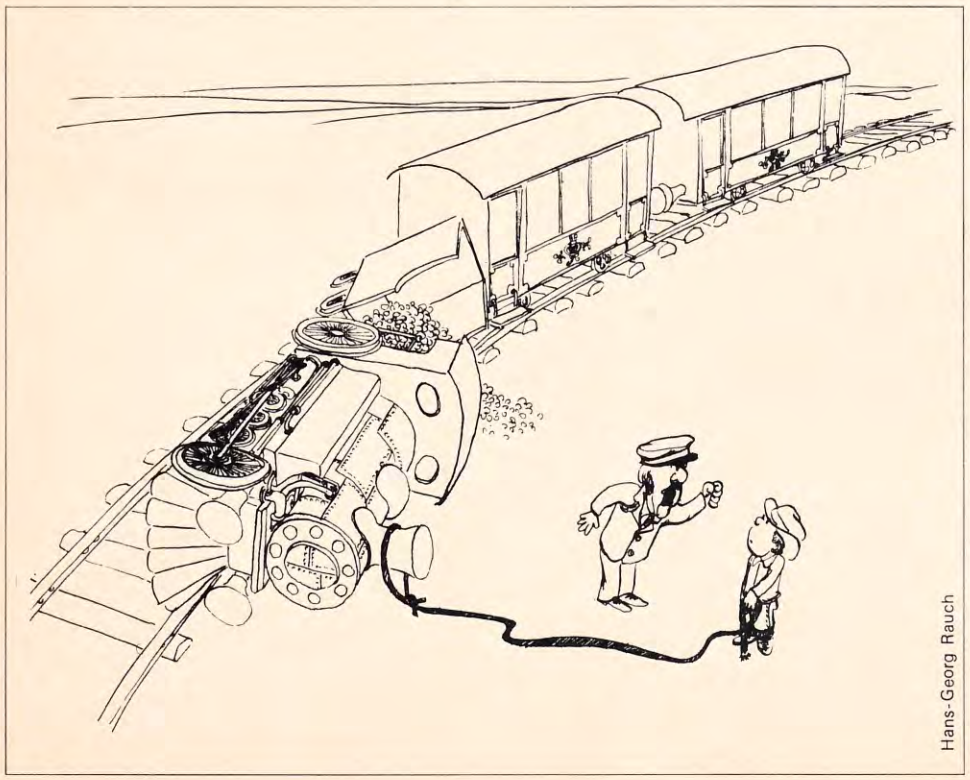

Hans-Georg Rauch

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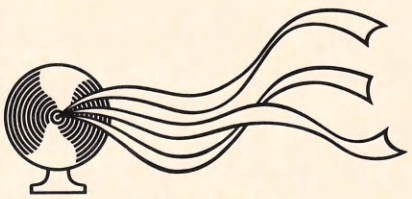

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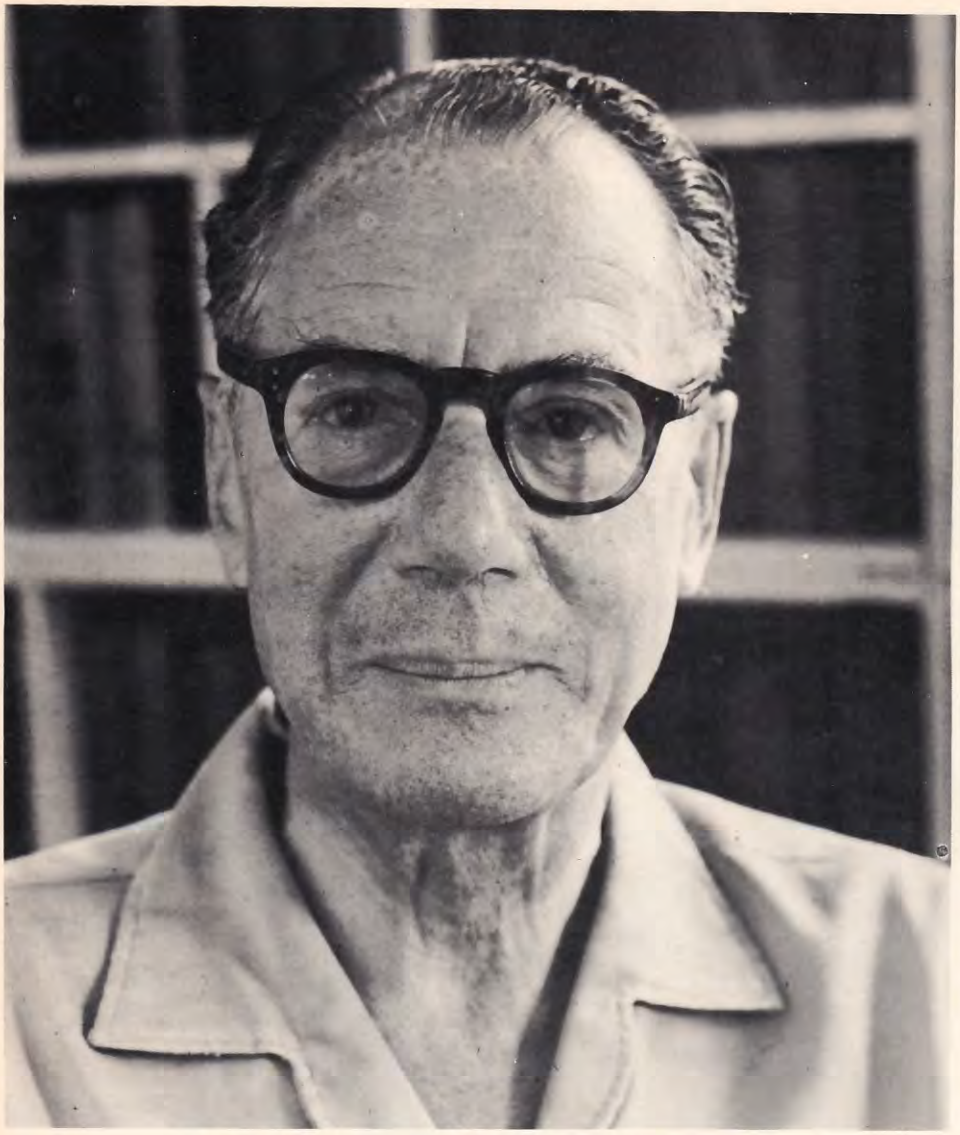


VAL GIELGUD

COMMUNICATOR

Author, playwright, scriptwriter and former long-serving head of the BBC's much-envied radio drama department, Val Gielgud (brother of actor Sir John) is a lively and demanding critic of the pattern of television and broadcasting in this country. At a moment of growing crisis for television under the impact of Ulster and of controversy over a fourth channel, Gielgud dramatizes the dangers of slanted TV reporting in his latest book. Called *The Black Sambo Affair* (Macmillan), it is a thriller about an African officer in the British Army falsely jailed for espionage by prejudiced officials and TV "justice"—a theme that gives Gielgud an outlet for his strongly-held views on race and Empire, as well as broadcasting. Veteran of 35 years in control of Sound Drama, during which he collected first an O.B.E. and later a C.B.E., Gielgud was almost single-handedly responsible for organizing BBC drama and shaping the exacting standards of production that are still to be found there nearly eight years after his retirement. He joined the BBC in 1929 under Lord Reith after a short period on the *Radio Times.* Before that he had worked for an ill-starred comic paper called *The Humourist,* Anglicizing pirated American jokes. Gielgud has written many plays, and novels, including *Death at Broadcasting House* and *The Goggle-Box Affair.* He is still writing scripts for the BBC. A much-married man, he now lives with his fifth wife in the village of Barcombe, near Lewes, Sussex, where he was on the eve of setting out for a world cruise when he was interviewed by Penthouse Associate Editor **Graham Masterton.**

Penthouse: On the title page of your latest book you quote Talleyrand's saying that "The majority of mankind always has been, and always will be, composed of imbeciles." Do you hold this view yourself?

Gielgud: It is one of these easy generalizations that appeals very much to somebody who likes an extremely intelligent phrase thought of by an extremely intelligent man. I think it is presumptuous and arrogant in the extreme to lay an indictment against the whole of the human race. On the other hand it is very difficult, looking at the way in which the world is conducted, not to feel that if people were just a little less stupid and a little more humane, we might make progress a great deal faster.

Penthouse: Did this attitude affect your choice of programmes when you were Head of Sound Drama at the BBC?

Gielgud: I am an individual of fairly strong views and undoubtedly strong prejudices. Nobody who has strong prejudices can afford not to realize that a number of prejudices are bound to be mistaken. Therefore I will confess that the choice of material for which I was responsible at the BBC could be put into two categories. There was the material which I liked myself very much, and which therefore I was anxious to see put on the air; and there was the material which I disliked profoundly, and which I thought therefore must have a good deal more to be said for it than I could imagine. One thing which I did not put on the air was the material about which nobody felt very much, the pap.

Penthouse: How do you see the role of radio and television today?

Gielgud: I certainly don't think it should render us comatose. I have seen and heard a good deal of American television and radio, and I believe that it is rapidly producing a comatose audience—which is both frightening and corrupting. On the other hand, if you suggest that it is the business of radio and television to provoke, I certainly think it should provoke interest, discussion and argument, and different points of view. But by saying that it should be provocative, I don't necessarily mean that it should be anti-establishment, merely for the sake of being so. That in itself can be as prejudiced as a broadcasting organization which is in the pockets of the establishment.

Penthouse: Where do you stand on the current controversy over a fourth television channel?

Gielgud: The whole trouble with broadcasting and television is that it tries to do too much. There is not a single one of my old colleagues who would not tell you that I bored the pants off them for years by continually getting up at meetings and saying: "For God's sake, let us have less but better broadcasting." I still believe this. Every time the cheers go up because of another channel, or another four hours' broadcasting or whatever, I think there ought to be ashes and bitter tears. The stuff to do good programmes is not there. We're already squeezing the thing dry. There aren't the writers, there aren't the artists, there aren't the actors, there aren't the editors, there aren't the producers, to do even what we are doing now, let alone a fourth channel. And you can't provide a fourth channel simply by putting the money down: money is not the answer. Even film companies are beginning to realize that.

Penthouse: On the other hand, if an organization or consortium of private individuals wants to open a new television channel, why can't they have the freedom to do so, and the viewers have the freedom to switch on and watch whatever they might produce without

It's what a man's like underneath that counts.
'Y-FRONT'
By Lyle & Scott

> The real tragedy of commercial television is that in order to compete with it, the BBC has thrown its own standards out of the window.
>
> There are occasions when sexual intercourse, adultery or even rape can be justified on the television screen.
>
> Racial inter-marriage between blacks and whites seems to me to be the only way in which integration can ever be effected.

all this endless argument?

Gielgud: The point is that whether you have two channels or four channels or 18 channels as you get in New York, you can only do as much broadcasting or television as there are programmes to put on the air, and the more programmes you put on the air, so progressively the quality of those programmes deteriorates.

Penthouse: This may be so, but aren't people entitled to feel that even though the quality of the television is poor, it is still worth putting on because other people will watch it and it makes money?

Gielgud: When independent television started it was regarded as a licence to print money, and sure enough a large number of people made a very good thing out of it, but I'm beginning to wonder now whether the commercial people are really as happy about it now as they were then—whether they'd get a return on what they'd have to put out. The cost of television programmes is going up all the time. Even the miserable writer is costing more, and people like actors and technicians are costing immeasurably more. To get that back in terms of advertising is going to be quite a problem, particularly since some people are possibly growing very tired of advertisements. I don't think it's a likelihood, but I do think it's a possibility, that television commercials actually create an aversion to the products they are meant to promote. I certainly think that's so in America. I watched a great deal of commercial television there, and it was really torturous. Perhaps it's a question of trying to brainwash one so that when you go into a chemist you buy the toothpaste that you've heard said 17 times in one evening—Plummident, or whatever it may be. But the real tragedy of commercial television—and here I am really sticking my neck out—is that in order to compete with it, the BBC has thrown its own standards out of the window. I remember a colleague of mine, then running the Light Programme, who spent three-quarters of an hour telling us that his business was to compete with Radio Luxembourg. I was rash enough to rise to my feet and say that this was a denigration of everything the BBC stood for, because the great thing about the BBC was that it didn't give one damn about Radio Luxembourg. That was why we were in the position we were, and that was why it was possible for a maniac enthusiast like myself to put on Chekhov plays whether 70,000 housewives in Wigan disliked them or not.

Penthouse: There is a paradoxical suggestion in your book that TV programmes, merely because they have high audience ratings, are not necessarily liked.

Gielgud: I have very grave suspicions about all statistics. To allow your programme content to be seriously influenced by a housewife in Wigan or a commercial traveller from Chipping Sodbury or a mother of 17 in Boreham-under-Lyme seems to me to be absolutely ludicrous. Responsible TV and broadcasting executives are supposed to know their business; and if they know their business, they don't want to be told it by a lot of completely ignorant people who are not acquainted either with the technique nor the background of the job. I think that the whole business of audience research, despite all the energy and money that's been put into it, has been vastly overestimated. A prize example was *Mrs Dale's Diary.* Now *Mrs Dale's Diary* was, in the eyes of anyone of any intelligence or sense, or indeed social conscience, both sociologically corrupting and aesthetically contemptible. But the people responsible would not kill it because it always got such high listener-research figures. I spent years trying to convince people of my view. I completely failed. I went so far as to consider making *Mrs Dale's Diary* a resignation matter, but the trouble was that I enjoyed the rest of my job much too much. This is probably humanly contemptible but also humanly comprehensible.

Penthouse: You are a critic, aren't you, of the permissive society and the four-letter words?

Gielgud: I think it's a matter of manners. I believe that behaviourism is more important than morals. It seems to me outrageous that a character like Mr Tynan should appear on my television set and use a four-letter word in my sitting-room in front of three or four people who undoubtedly are going to be, not horrified, but shocked and rather hurt by it. It seems to be quite unnecessary. If Mr Tynan wants to use that particular word, by all means let him do it, but I very much object to him doing it in my sitting-room.

Penthouse: Do you align yourself in these matters with Lord Longford and Mrs Whitehouse?

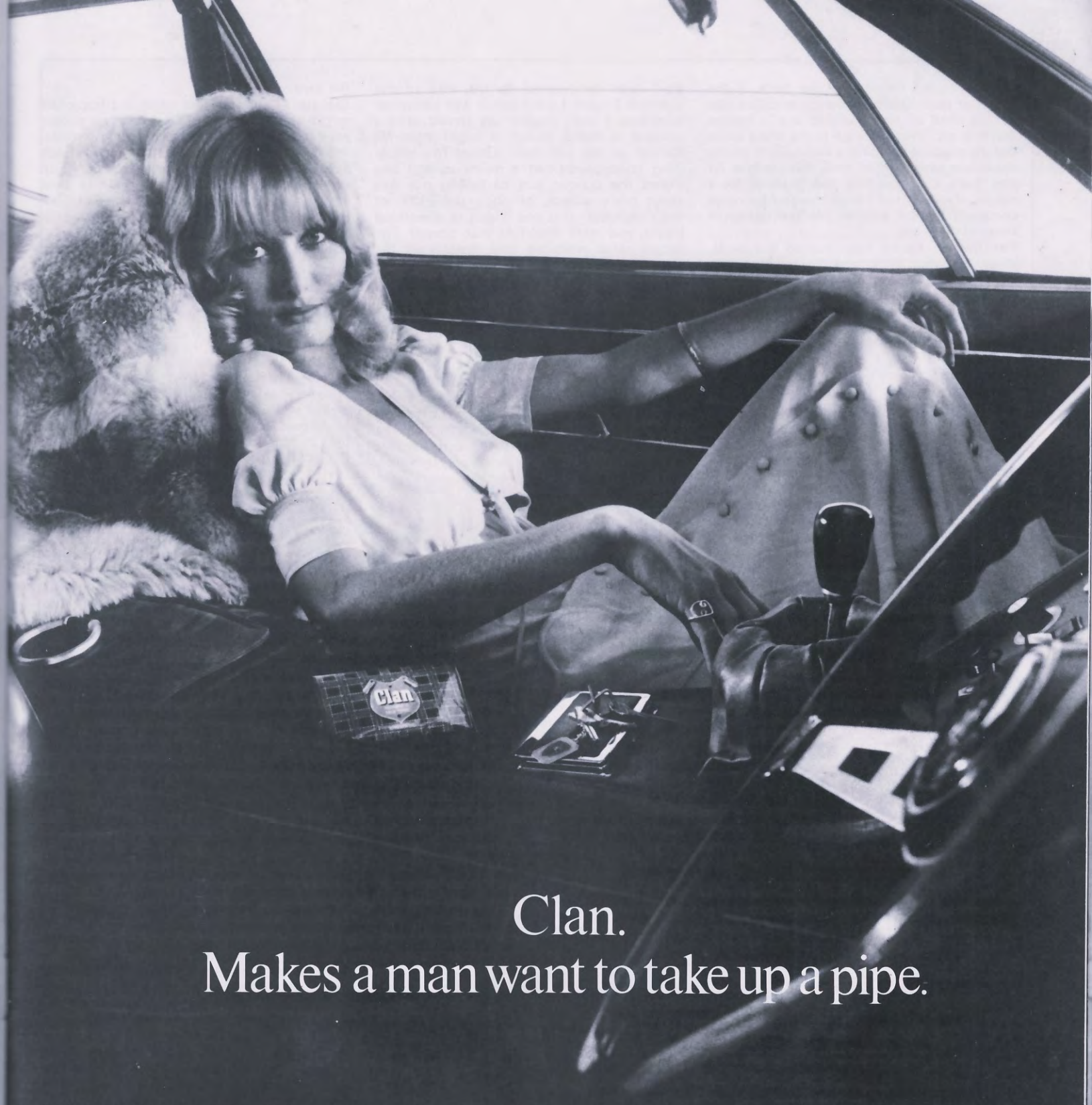
Gielgud: I align myself with their attitude, but on the other hand I feel the thing that is fatal about Lord Longford and Mrs Whitehouse, neither of whom I have ever met, is that they are so completely inept. They are fighting on the wrong front and using the wrong weapons. It's no use being stuffy and going to Denmark and then walking out of blue cinemas because you feel that people shouldn't look at this kind of thing. This is a question of behaviour, and it's a thing that you've got to bring intelligent people to understand. This is one case where propaganda might be effective, and where it is important that the propaganda of the mass media should not be used on the wrong side.

Penthouse: Would you approve if pornography were to be available to those who wanted it, but not on public display to those who didn't?

Gielgud: I think so. As far as I can remember, in the days of my youth, if one wanted to see dirty pictures or read a dirty book, one only had to go up to Charing Cross Road and buy it, or look at it, or get a friend to steal it. But I do dislike having to hesitate to invite a lady whom I didn't know very well to come to the theatre with me, not being certain whether I should be immediately subjected to full frontal exposure. That is a loss to me, if not to the theatre.

Penthouse: Are there ever cases where sexual intercourse could be shown on the television screen do you think?

Gielgud: I believe that any responsible television or radio executive should be perfectly capable, with his own knowledge, experience and sophistication, of choosing between what is reasonable because it is essential to the piece being presented, and what is simply being put on as a gimmick. If it's just a gimmick, it should be out. On the other hand, there are cases where one should go to town. Even the Ancient Greeks, with their passion for keeping everything physical offstage and reported, nonetheless, when it came to *Oedipus Tyrannus,* showed you Oedipus with his eyes torn out. It was essential to the play and without it there is no play. I can imagine instances in which sexual intercourse can be justified within reasonable limits—though I often wonder what the actors and actresses think when they're asked to do it twice nightly six days a week. There are occasions when adultery and even rape can be justified because they are



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essential to the meaning of the piece. If the character responsible for the presentation can put his hand on his heart and say "I believe that it is so," then I will go to the stake for it. But the moment you have a lot of bright young characters saying: "Oh well, this looks a bit dim. Let's sling 'em into bed together for a couple of reels," then I think that this becomes contemptible and bad, in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

Penthouse: You've been married five times. What do you think you have principally learned from these experiences?

Gielgud: I should like it made perfectly clear that I consider that in all four of my domestic disasters, I was far more the sinner than the sinned against, with the possible exception of the first, and then I was so young I don't think it was anybody's fault. What I do think I have learned is that it is probably unwise for people to plunge into marriage when they are too young: I had been married twice by the time I was 30, and I don't think at that stage that I was capable of making any woman happy. If you don't succeed in making your partner happy, the thing is a disaster and you're far better out of it. So many marriages are wrecked by the people concerned allowing fiddling little things which crop up in every relationship to get out of perspective, to blow themselves up into enormous and hideous crises.

Penthouse: There is a strong and rather unfashionable feeling in your novel for the British Empire, and a nostalgia for those who created and maintained it. Do you believe those kinds of people are lacking today?

Gielgud: This is an inevitable product of one's age. I am now just over 70, and I was brought up in the aftermath of the Boer War, when you went to school and saw most of the map coloured red. I was not only brought up on, but retained, an immense admiration for Kipling. I confess that without any shame at all. So during the most susceptible period of my life I was conditioned to the idea of the Victorian Empire. I don't feel it was altogether admirable. I don't suggest we should send a gunboat to Malta, though it might make Mr Mintoff sit up and take notice. The whole thing undoubtedly had a mystique, and one shared the curious sort of feeling one has about one's school, or one's university, or one's regiment—that one is part of something bigger, and more important than oneself. The people who produced and maintained the Empire had a good deal to be said for them.

Penthouse: The African in your latest novel concludes that European and African civilization cannot live side by side.

Gielgud: To an extent I think this is probably so. I hasten to add that I regret it. Considering the way in which our civilization is progressing, becoming more and more dependent on immigrants for doing a large number of rather unpleasant and dirty jobs which our own citizens no longer want to do—even if they're overpaid for doing them—it seems to me that we have got to try and find some way by which these civilizations may live side by side. On the other hand I confess that I do see the point of view of Mr Enoch Powell and others who maintain that, after all, England is for the English and that it is very difficult to put up with living cheek by jowl with characters who eat different food, make different noises, who behave in different ways, and who have a generally different outlook on life—regardless of the religious problem, which I cannot even even begin to touch on. I think there's a great deal to be said on both sides, and the problem is undoubtedly going to become more and more acute with every year that passes.

Penthouse: So you don't see much hope of reconciliation and integration?

Gielgud: Not without a tremendous amount of goodwill and understanding on both sides.

Penthouse: You say in your novel that we would have to achieve something approaching the love of God.

Gielgud: I suppose it is rather old-fashioned to talk about the love of God, because people have reduced love to rather a scruffy formula, and they are reducing God to a legend in which nobody believes. But, having been brought up as an early Edwardian, I still have a faint leaning toward the efficacy of the love of God.

Penthouse: Are we capable of such a high moral effort?

Gielgud: I believe that human beings are capable of the most extraordinary things, both on the good and the bad side of the account. One is continually coming across extraordinary characters who manage to approximate sanctity, and I don't by that mean Mr Muggeridge.

Penthouse: One way in which integration is successfully attempted in your novel is through the marriage of the African Mbese and his white wife Samantha. Do you seriously see what used to be called miscegenation as a path to racial conciliation?

Gielgud: It seems to me, within my very limited experience, the only way in which integration can be effected. I believe it to be reasonably true that it has happened in France—and I think to some extent the French can still give us some points in terms of civilization. They have decided flatly that miscegenation has got to be accepted. Once they expected people like the Algerians to fight for them, they had to accept the fact that they would also sleep with them.

Penthouse: Are you advocating a khaki world?

Gielgud: Well, perhaps the answer is that just as the British Army had to give up its scarlet in favour of khaki, so it may be that the whites and the blacks may have to give up white and black in favour of khaki. Khaki fades into the background: it doesn't imply this enormous conflict between one colour and another. It's an indeterminate colour, and therefore it may prove acceptable to both. One can only hope that it might. Whether your average citizen of Great Britain is prepared to accept it is quite another story. That is one of the problems I was throwing out in this book, just to see what people thought about it. I think they've got to make up their minds.

Penthouse: How much racial prejudice do you have yourself?

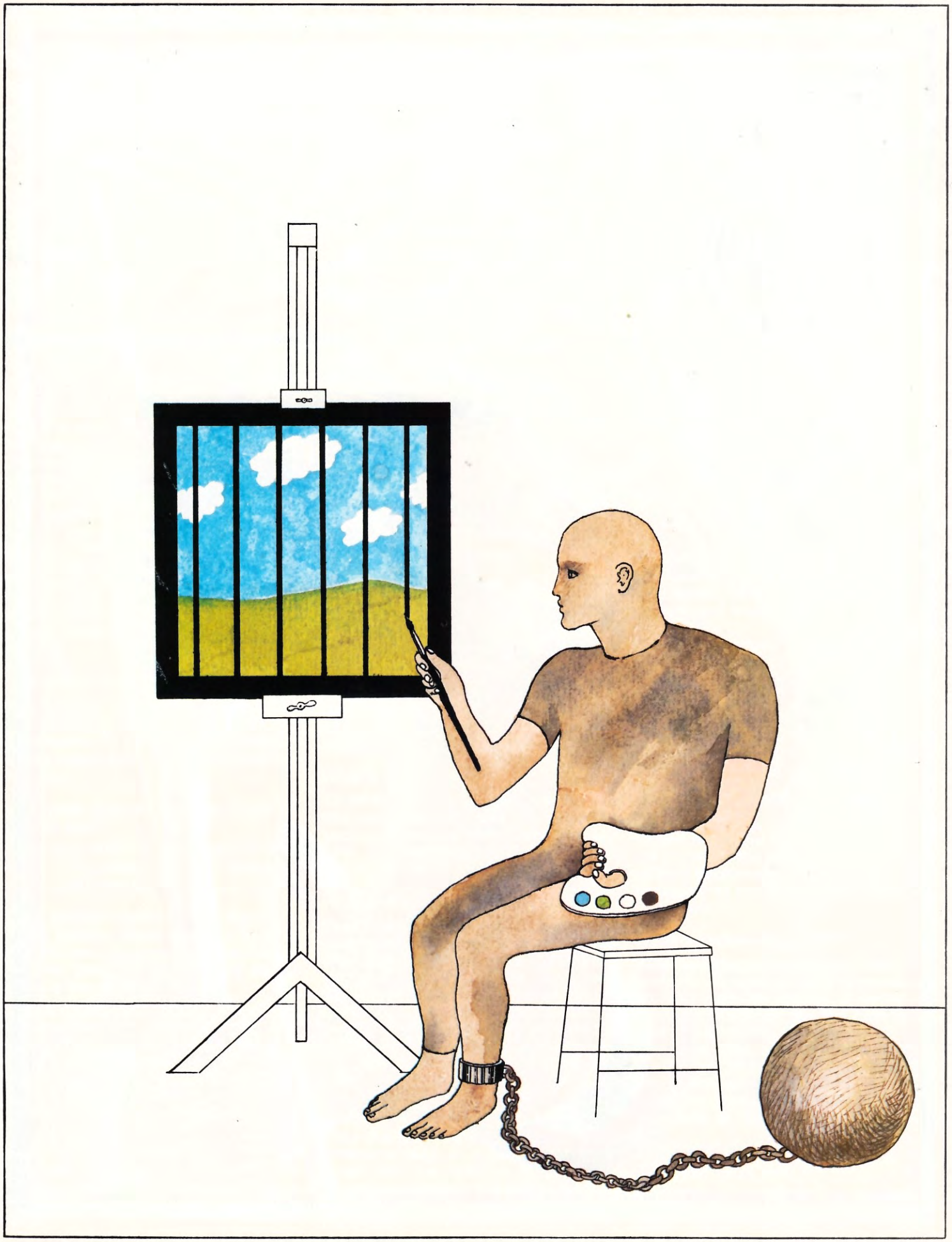
Gielgud: Intellectually, absolutely none. Instinctively, very slightly. And I'm sure that in this case my intellect is right and my instinct is wrong. But I think my instinct is sufficiently powerful for me to have a certain understanding of people who do feel it much more strongly than I do. I can't say that some of my best friends are black, because I have never been so fortunate or unfortunate as to know any coloured people intimately, except at Oxford. There one of my best friends, curiously enough, was a Vietnamese. He, of course, was only coffee-coloured.

Penthouse: Is your book based on any real incident of prejudice that you have known?

Gielgud: No, it isn't. I have never been to Africa, nor really known any Africans. My uncle, after whom I was named, was a Native Commissioner in Rhodesia, and I have a cousin who is a Native Commissioner in South Africa, and so I have always been interested, even though at a rather long distance. But for very many years I've had as a sort of hobby the celebrated Dreyfus case, in which, as you know, a Jew was railroaded by the then establishment—for a variety of reasons, and not altogether the reasons which have been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

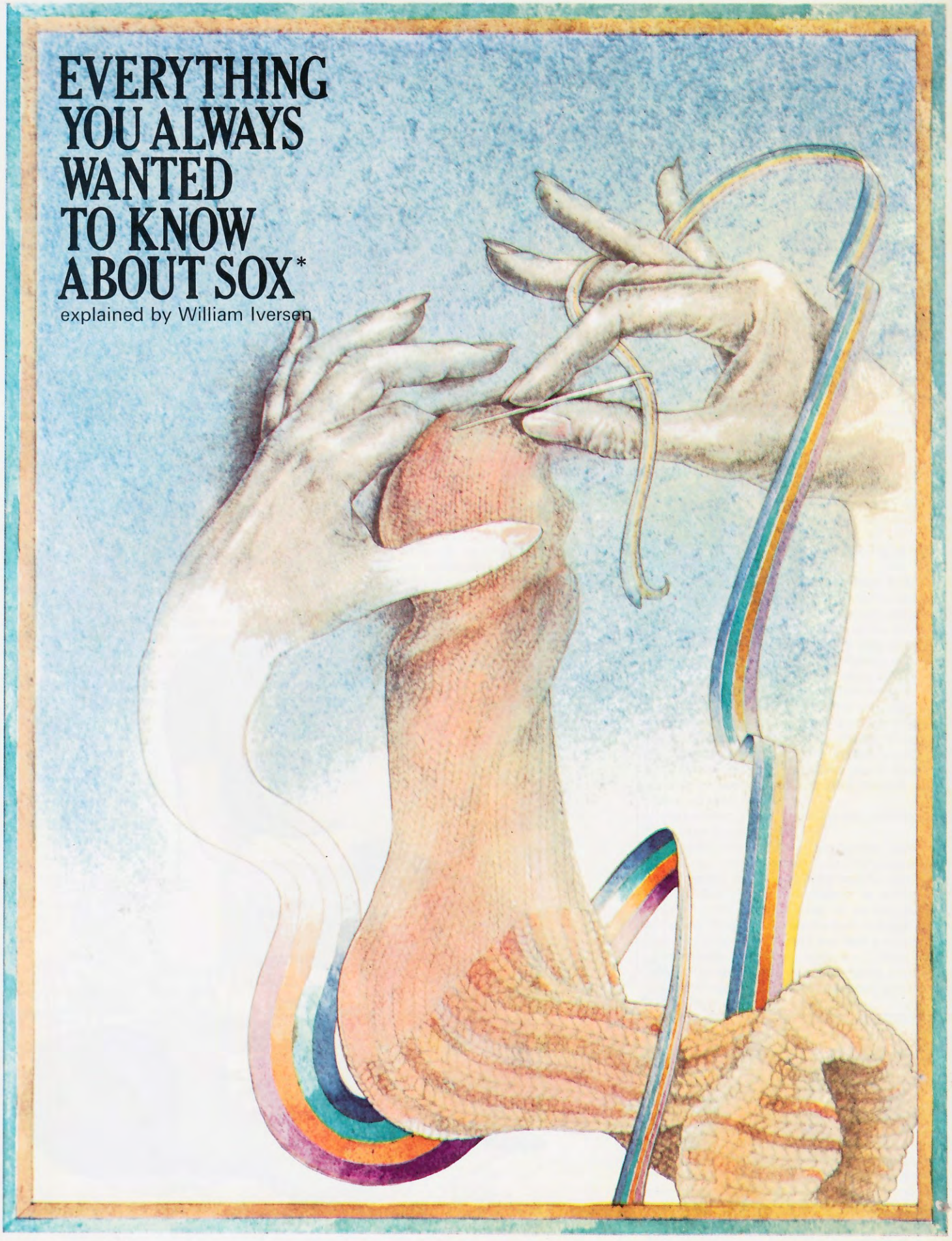
"Take a letter, Miss Soames: dah dit dit dit dit dah dit dah dit . . . "



Paul Psorakis

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SOX*

explained by William Iversen



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Four years ago, E. I. du Pont de Nemours—possibly acting out of guilt for creating those indestructible fibers—commissioned Dr Ernest Dichter, president of the Institute for Motivational Research, Inc., to devise a strategy for stimulating sock sales.

Dr Dichter, controversial Viennese-born psychologist who once discovered housewives had guilt feelings about using canned spaghetti, came up with a 73-page study on the **"fascinating new science of soxology."**

He reported that . . . men's feet (and therefore their sox) are loaded with sexual significance that should be exploited . . .—*The New York Times*

Are sox really necessary?

That's a difficult question to answer. Many primitive peoples go without sox all their lives, and never seem to miss them. In other, more advanced cultures men and women slop around in sandals, and display little or no interest in sox. Even in our own highly sox-conscious society many people—particularly among the young—go without sox for months at a time. Research has shown, however, that Americans and Europeans cannot abstain from sox over too long a period without physiological consequences.

What sort of consequences?

Well, frigidity of the foot, for one thing. This frequently results in a marked loss of sensation in the lower members. In severe cases, even the balls of the feet turn blue.

How long can the average male go without sox?

That varies with individuals. But in most males the desire for sox increases enormously with the first heavy frost.

In his seminal work on "Soxology," Dr Ernest Dichter states that men tend to buy their sox too large, thus "indicating a hidden desire for longer, more potent feet." Is this generally true?

Unfortunately, yes. Though in fact size has no bearing whatsoever on the potency of the foot. Some of the world's greatest lovers have had quite small feet, and it is not uncommon for small-footed men to marry large-footed women and produce normal offspring.

How big is the normal foot?

The lower members of the adult male may range in size from 6 to 14, but there are great variations of width within this range.

How long should a foot be?

From a practical point of view, the ambulatory member should be long enough to reach from the ankle into the toe of the sock. Any man whose feet are too small for sox will experience difficulty in walking and standing. He may also fall down a lot. But in most instances there is no relation between the size of the foot and the ability to perform the sox act.

What happens during the sox act?

In simplest terms, the sox act begins when the erect male foot is introduced into the opening of the sock. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the sox act entails no more than mere penetration. Many complex physical and psychological factors are involved, and the man who attempts penetration without first insuring that his sock is in a state of readiness to receive his erect member not only deprives himself of much of the pleasure of dressing, but risks sartorial failure through wrinkling, snagging, bunching and twisting. Hasty or premature penetration often results in both broken toenails and extreme discomfort.

How can a man avoid this?

By allowing sufficient time to adequately prepare his hose.

His hose???

Yes. That's another term for sox, and is not to be confused with the male penis. Like the penis, the male sock may be dangled and swung about, but in point of fact it is much closer to the female vagina in both structure and function.

What is its function?

To receive an erect male member—in this case, the foot. Like the vagina, a sock can receive a male member at any time, but responds best when certain preliminary techniques are employed.

What sort of techniques?

Stroking and smoothing, primarily. But penetration will be much more pleasurable if the man will insert his thumbs into the opening of the sock, and gently stretch the fabric to allow for the entrance of the forepart of the foot, or "toes". If deep penetration is desired at the outset, he can shorten the length of the interior passage by drawing the fabric up in folds.

What happens then?

Once the foot is erect—a physiological miracle in itself—it is gently but firmly thrust into the opening of the sock. Sensory receptors in the skin of the foot are alerted to the warmth of the sock, the friction of the fabric, and so forth. This information is relayed to the sartorial centers of the spinal cord and brain. The centers send more blood rushing to the foot, increasing its sensitivity. Tension builds, and when the climactic moment is reached, the man's leg muscles drive the foot deeper and deeper into the sock. Consciousness is momentarily obliterated. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of tiny bits of lint are propelled from the surface of the distended fabric. Two seconds later it is over—until the next time.

How much lint does the average sock shed?

Normally, there are about 500,000,000 bits of lint on each laundered sock. Many are invisible to the naked eye. The average man sheds about 36 bushels of lint in his lifetime. But despite this prodigious output, the chances are only 238 to one that even one little bit will ever find its way into his partner's vagina, and survive the arduous journey up into the uterus.

What happens to most of it?

It drops to the floor, and is eventually taken up with a vacuum cleaner. A somewhat smaller amount is occasionally diverted to his or her navel where it may remain for a week or more, despite bathing and showering.

How does erection of the foot actually happen?

The male foot, or *pedis*, becomes erect when it is lifted from the floor. In most men—particularly early risers—this is a reflex action and can occur even if the man is half asleep. No nerve connections with the brain are required.

Is erection desirable only prior to the sox act?

Indeed not. There are many times during the course of the average day and night when it becomes not only desirable but necessary to induce repeated erections of the foot.

What occasions are those?

While walking and climbing stairs, for example. At such times it is necessary for the man to initiate a series of erections in not just one but both feet.

One at a time or simultaneously?

One at a time, usually. Simultaneous erection of both feet is comparatively rare in the human male, and leads to a condition known as the Peter Rabbit syndrome, or "hopping".

Is this abnormal?

No. It just looks odd.

Then what are the objections to it?

None, really. Providing that he takes

care not to injure the balls of the feet.

How long should a man be able to keep his foot erect?

Long enough to complete the sox act. This may be anywhere from four seconds or less to several minutes or more.

What accounts for the difference in time?

There are several factors involved, the two most important being the vitality of the man and the type of sox. Casual sox, being short and snappy, will obviously demand less time and effort than sox to which the foot has a deeper commitment—over-the-calf support hose, for example.

Why are most women slower than men?

Because few women are content with sox that stop at mid-calf or knee. Their needs are more diffuse, and involve the whole leg. Since the advent of pantyhose, the traditional thigh-high limitations have been extended to cover the entire pelvic region, including the genitals and buttocks. In the case of the so-called "body stocking," the breasts, navel and the entire torso beneath the collarbone are covered as well.

Is that the ultimate in sox?

It's as far as any human being can go without losing face.

Is there anything a couple can do to control the timing of their dressing if they want to be simultaneous?

Yes. If the woman is slower than the man, he can refrain from caressing her breasts and stimulating her clitoris. If the man seems to be approaching a sartorial climax too quickly, he can simply slow the thrust of his foot into the sock. Fumbling, dawdling and repeatedly dropping the sock are also recommended. Sometimes changing positions can be helpful.

What positions are most commonly used?

Most couples who dress at the same time prefer to sit on opposite sides of the bed. The advantages of this back-to-back position are obvious in that it limits visual stimulation, discourages fondling of the breasts, buttocks and genitals, and permits each to concentrate on the business at hand. The one disadvantage of this position is that it makes it difficult for each to know how rapidly the other is approaching completion.

How can this be overcome?

By peeking back over one shoulder, or by making frank inquiry. To avoid such mood-shattering expedients, some couples prefer to sit side by side on the same side of the bed, but since this frequently leads to fondling and groping it is not recommended for couples who have to be someplace on time. To a greater or lesser extent, the same holds true for other variations, such as woman-sitting-on-man's-lap, man-sitting-on-woman's-lap, chair straddling, floor squatting, and the like.

Failure to perform the sox act for days or weeks at a time may make the feet more potent—but such failure is also responsible for the idea that sox are "dirty"

How frequently should the sox act be performed?

At least once a day. Failure to perform the sox act for days and weeks at a time may make the feet more noticeably potent. But it is largely because of such failure that many people have gotten the idea that sox are "dirty."

One hears a good deal about "mate swapping" in suburbia. How prevalent is this?

As far as sox are concerned, the swapping of mates is no more prevalent in suburbia than it is in the cities, and is directly attributable to the communal use of coin-operated laundries.

How does it work?

Usually a group of bored housewives, who may be total strangers, will go to the nearest coin-operated laundry with the family wash. Since a limited number of machines are available, several women will use the same machine in sequence. Because of haste or indifference, one of the husband's sox may be lost in the automatic drier, where it is then found by another wife who will take it home as a replacement for the one she lost in the washer. This pattern is repeated endlessly, until every husband in the community has anywhere from six to several dozen mates belonging to other men.

Are such "swaps" permanent?

Unfortunately, yes. Though in most instances the husband derives little or no gratification from them.

Why is that?

The reasons are mainly psychological. A man with strong sartorial drives simply cannot bring himself to perform the sox act with a pair that do not match.

What can the woman do then?

Very little, actually. Some women attempt to entice their husbands into performing an unwanted sox act through the use of various seductive techniques: kissing, disrobing, caressing his penis and testicles. But these attempts are usually counterproductive in that the man not only refuses to don the sox, but baulks at putting on his underwear, as well.

Is there anything that will work?

Yes. Alcohol will help the man to achieve the indifference required to perform such a sox act. With four or five drinks under his belt, even the most fastidious man will wear anything. Taken on an empty stomach, alcohol goes right to the feet.

Are women as interested in sox as men are?

Yes. Perhaps even more so. According to a recent study, 86% of the wives surveyed bought their husband's sox. Many wives derive additional satisfaction from mating sox, separating them into compatible pairs, and tucking one sock inside the other. Indeed, some women prefer sock tucking to intercourse.

Is there anything wrong with that?

Not if her husband enjoys it.

What about Orlon sox?

If sales statistics are any guide, Orlon sox are favored by the majority of American couples, though some women still object to them on the grounds that they are synthetic and, hence, "unnatural." In order to make Orlon sox more appealing, women have been advised to smother them in whipped cream.

Does that work?

Rarely. Some weight-conscious women substitute strawberry yogurt, but the results are pretty much the same.

What are the results?

A sticky-footed husband and a messy bureau drawer.

What can the man do in return?

Fill her pantyhose with canned spaghetti.

Will that increase her desire for sox?

No. But it will make her feel so guilty, she might leave the damned things off.

MARIANNE

TEACHER'S PET

Swapping chalks for cocktails, this month's visual aid is an education in herself

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

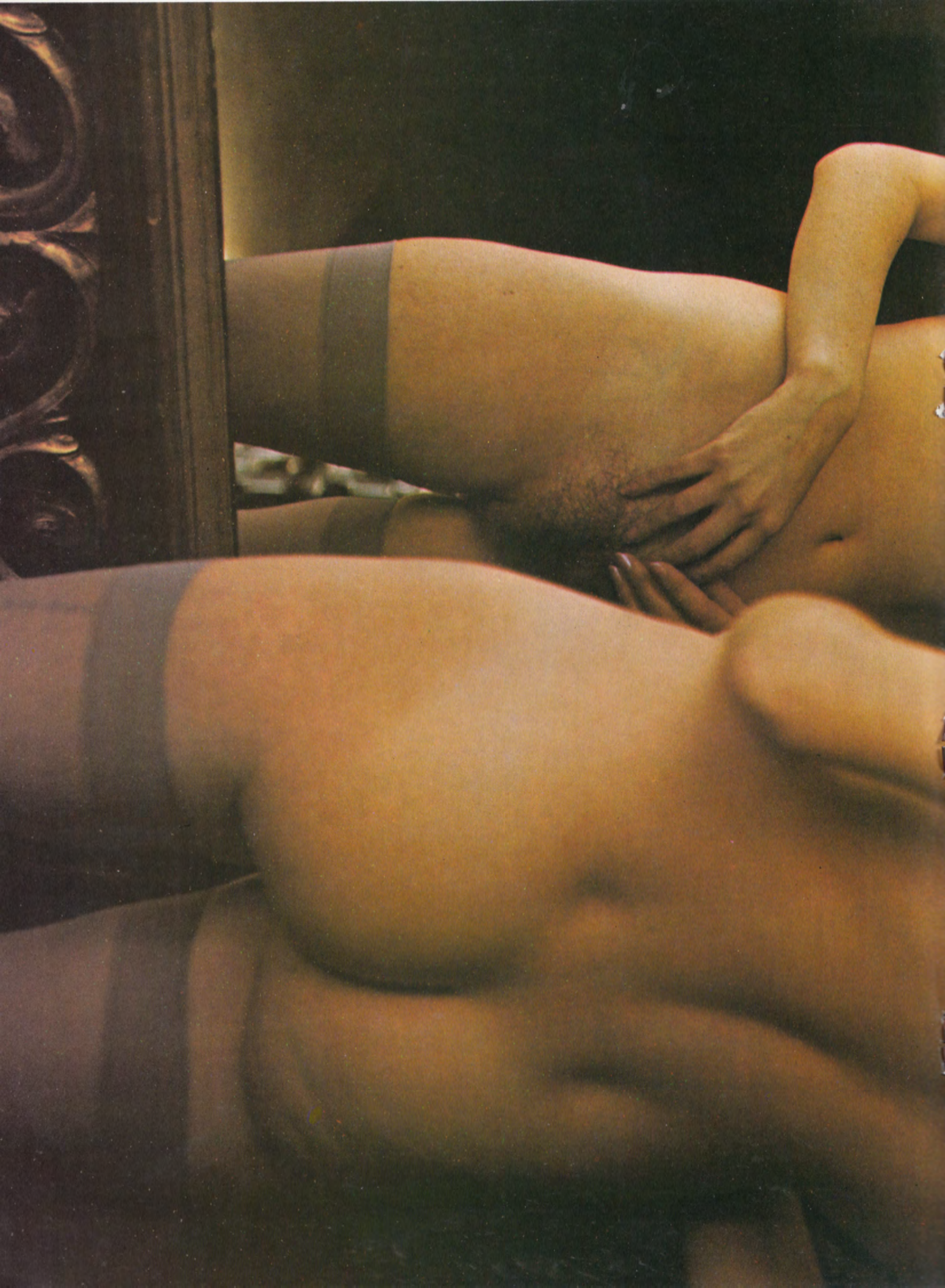
With canny Celtic perception, 23-year-old Marianne Gordon learned one important fact from her training as a teacher: it doesna pay sa well. Responding with suitable Scottish acumen, she checked in her chalks and signed on in a more rewarding (and more recreational) setting: as a Cocktail Pet at the London Penthouse Club. "One day, perhaps", she says, she may return to her academic avocation, though on the evidence of this pictorial portfolio she'll always be in a class of her own. With the nationalistic nostalgia that marks the expatriate Scots, petite Mari lays down her tray every six

weeks and takes a quick fling back to her native Ayrshire. There she devotes her time to golf, a game which, though once described as "hockey at the halt", keeps her 35-22-35 Ayrframe in admirable shape for Petting. "I'd go crackers if I didn't take a wee trip back now and again," she avers, with a distinctive lilt to her voice. "Scotland's like food and drink to me." Besides aesthetic evidence that Scotland has more to offer than bagpipes, Robert Burns, haggis, strathspeys and reels, Mari embodies a hard-headed attitude to life, love and liberation that makes sassenachs seem like softies. "This women's lib is a lot of nonsense," she utters emphatically. "I'm perfectly happy with my status as it is. I think it's just the women that don't know how to make themselves really attractive to a man who go for this kind of wailing and moaning and carrying on about oppression. If a man finds you really sexy, he'll treat you proud." For herself, Mari prefers her men to be long-haired and slim-hipped, although she isn't adamant about it. "What I look for most of all in a man is versatility. A man's got to be

Marianne in Cocktail Pet trim (above) *at the Penthouse Club*

able to cope with all kinds of situations, in all kinds of ways. It's that which makes a girl feel secure. I think if a man can make a girl secure, he can make her do anything." Domestically dexterous, Mari designs and makes all her own clothes – but domesticity is something else again. "My one big desire is not to have to work for a living," she admits, "but that doesn't necessarily mean getting married." Whatever our hot Scot's future, we're certain of one thing: in the Penthouse Club this month, a lot of members will be staying late for teachers lines.

MISS MARIANNE GORDON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



History's Erotic Incidents–6

WHY THEODORA WAS TOO BUSY TO SEE THE EMPEROR

BY PIERRE DESFONDS

Brian Forbes

The Byzantine empress Theodora (6th century A.D.) was a prostitute who made good. The Emperor Justinian took a fancy to her when he saw her singing and dancing and giving impersonations between acts of the Roman circus in the arena at Constantinople, his capital. Deciding to be entertained by her more personally, Justinian summoned the girl to the palace, but quickly found that he was dealing with no ordinary tart. His Captain of the Guard had been sent with a present of a string of pearls, and an order that she should present herself at the palace within the hour, but he had to report a defiant reception. For when he had arrived at her dwelling he had found her busy plying her trade with another officer. He had called the Emperor's message through the door of her inner chamber, but Theodora had paused in her amorous activities only to call back that the emperor had better use his pearls to buy some other girl, as she was not then for sale. Justinian, evidently amused by this show of spirit, sent back another officer with a larger present. Again Theodora played hard to get, replying that if the emperor wished to see her he should come in person and dispense with intermediaries. Her cheek paid off, because Justinian's ardor was unabated. When he finally met her he fell for the prostitute in a big way and eventually married her, Theodora becoming Empress of the Eastern Roman Empire. Among her good deeds was the establishment of an elaborate home on the Bosphorus for 500 former prostitutes.

Source: Gibbon's *Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire*, also *The Outline of Knowledge* (J. A. Richards, New York 1924).

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Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
CAMEL

25 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.

A LOVELY PIECE OF BAIT

'I know all the tricks, positions and erogenous zones, and I'll be a real terror when the time comes. Only, right now I still have the little goodie that makes me an unpenetrated virgin'

FICTION BY MICKEY SPILLANE
(FROM HIS LATEST BOOK, *THE ERECTION SET*)

Originally, Sharon had planned to forego the cocktail bash at Walt Gentry's penthouse, but S. C. Cable, who long ago had assumed that employees worked for him 24 hours a day every day, made a special request that she handle the social action, since it was rumored that Walt Gentry was thinking of dropping a few millions into a coproduction venture on some property he had discovered . . . if he could find the right partners. And if Cable Howard Productions managed a deal with Walt Gentry, there would be a nice bonus, or perhaps even a small running percentage for Sharon Cass.

Nice, she thought. I have become an economic seductress. I am expected to give my all for Cable Howard. And they call the streetwalkers names and arrest them. Beautiful, modern morality.

She looked at herself framed in the six lights that encircled the vanity mirror, concentrated on getting the left false eyelash properly fixed, then steadied her hand to apply the black eyeliner that gave her the final naive touch and sat back, satisfied.

Pretty, she mused. I'm all sleekly feminine, grossly beautiful and the perfect target of attack. Bait. A lousy piece of bait. Fifteen thousand a year and expenses to draw the suckers into the net. A bonus when S.C. thought the job was worth it. What happened, Sharon? You used to be a little country girl smothered in ideals, with starry eyes. You liked the smell of cut grass and the wind coming off the ocean. You collected seashells and bugs, then one day you grew up and the bull dike editor from *Future* called you in to do some more teen-age modeling, saw the change and did the spread that got Cable Howard Productions to pick you up for that sun-fun picture. Oh, you were great, little sexpot, only you didn't like to have to walk the plank of assistant directors and fat-lipped agents who had been mail room clerks the year before. Your Coke bottle made old S.C.'s ears ring and he thought you were cute enough to work out your option on his staff . . . except that you did your work a little too well and here you were.

She got up, posed in front of the full-length mirror, a naked, overgrown pixie. "I still like me," she whispered. "At least there's still one thing left."

The lovely, tanned image stared back at her, its eyes traversing the curves of her body, then meeting her eyes with a direct, peculiar stare. "I have a funny feeling," she said.

The image looked back without saying anything. Then, slowly, it smiled.

The invitation had said 6.30 and Sharon was fashionably late, two propositions and a champagne cocktail down, a roomful of people to say hello to still and a conversation with Raul Fucia to contend with. Somehow she couldn't remember how it started, but she pulled herself back from thoughts that were too many years old into the near-mesmerizing voice of the sensually lean man beside her.

"But, my dear, women are the *true* predators. They are the ones who do the . . . how do you say it? . . . the prowling. The men simply make themselves available when they desire to."

"Your attitude is a little too European, Mr. Fucia."

"Please, call me Raul . . . and my attitude is only universal. The masculine viewpoint, and especially true here in New York."

"We New Yorkers pride ourselves on being rather sophisticated. I don't think it's true at all."

"Oh? Then look around you. See the men? They stand and let themselves be surrounded. They listen to overtures, gauge the quality of the bodies and select the one they believe will be most appreciative of their favors. Already there has been some discreet pairing off."

"Regular cocktail party routine, Raul. Same people, just a different time and place."

"No, my dear, not routine at all. The women *vie*. Yes, they vie. They beg, they implore, they demand. Unlike the animal world, it is the women who compete in style and showy displays of flesh to entice the opposite sex into accepting their advances. For instance, look at yourself."

Sharon turned and looked at him, smiling wryly. "I seem to be on the conservative side, don't I?"

The smile he returned was deliberate, eyes dropping beneath the level of her own. "Not really," he said. "Assuming that professional women are all properly coiffed and made up, carefully tailored and impeccably mannered, can you explain why you are not wearing a brassiere, nor why neither seam nor hem of undergarment shows beneath that silken Pucci minisheath you're wearing? Except for your dress and shoes, you are completely naked, and when you stand erect certain basic hirsute attributes are proudly evident despite the outer covering."

"I didn't think it showed," Sharon said. She knew the red was showing on her shoulders, but the blush wasn't in the casual tone of her voice.

"Perhaps I have a more experienced eye than most. And perhaps I think you are lying. You *do* know it shows."

"Then you shouldn't be looking in that direction."

"Why not? It is the reason for your . . . undressed appearance. Flaunting the female plumage, no? An admirable approach. I am thoroughly enchanted. And why not? Your skin is flawless, your physique perfect. Of all the women in the room, your breasts are by far most suited for their purpose. Large enough to be the objects of attention, to sustain themselves without implementation, yet not so large as to interfere with more important actions."

"Is sex all that you have on your mind?" she asked him. His half-shaded eyes unveiled themselves momentarily in surprise and she was pleased that her voice had held no expression of excitement he had deliberately tried to implant in her.

"That is generally true," he told her. "Can you suggest something that should take precedence?" He sipped his drink and waited for her answer.

"Try gainful employment."

Raul shrugged and smiled again. "Hardly necessary. I am quite wealthy. Working for more would only be a pretense. I would rather spend my time and energy working on you, my dear. You interest me immensely."

"For what purpose."

"The ultimate purpose," he said, "of taking you to bed with me, totally naked and ready for the unlimited capacity of Raul

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL PSORAKIS

Fucia. Your enjoyment of my efforts would be profuse."

Sharon let her eyes range over him, then her teeth glinted in a small grin. "I'm afraid I'd be a disappointment to you, Raul. You see, I'm quite virginal."

"Lovely," he said. "A woman virginal in spirit is a wonder to behold."

"In body, my friend. I'm a complete maidenheaded virgin. How about that?"

There was no denying the tone of her voice at all this time. She had calculated it to perfection without any effort at all and for a moment nearly enjoyed the consternation that showed in his face.

"Impossible!"

"Not so impossible. I've just never been laid, that's all. I never met a man I wanted to get that close to. Simple, when you consider it."

He put the drink down, pulled up the ottoman beside her and sat down quickly, his hand reaching for hers. She let him take it without resisting. "Then, by all means, you must have me. I insist, you must!"

"Why?"

"Because the initial experience has to be a momentous occasion. Only a man of experience can . . ."

"Raul . . . balls. When I want to, I'll go. Not before. You're not the man either."

"But you have not seen me."

"You're beginning to show, Raul. The thought of a possible virgin in your life was a little too much. Was that why you sat down?"

"My dear Sharon . . ."

"I've been around, my fine foreign friend. I've necked, petted and experienced orgasm. I've engaged in a few sexual episodes that produced the proper physical pleasures and enjoyed it and I'll probably do more of the same again when I want to. I know all the tricks, positions and erogenous zones and I'll be a real terror when the time comes. Only, right now I still have the little goodie that makes me an unpenetrated virgin and I'm going to keep it that way."

She felt his hand slip away from hers slowly, his eyes uncertain. "You are a . . . a . . ."

"Lesbian?"

He nodded.

"No, though I allowed myself the pleasure of experimenting in that direction several times. Does that startle you?"

Apparently it did. The bewilderment touched his mouth and he reached for his drink again. "But . . . when you could have had a man . . ."

"I have," she said firmly, "but not in the primary circumstance. I have felt and tasted several men. There was great mutual enjoyment. Have I been explicit enough? There has even been penetration of another nature I found extremely satisfactory. So no, I am not a Lesbian, I am not frigid, I am not sexually abnormal. I am simply hanging on to an asset a man might consider quite valuable someday."

Raul finished the drink, found an empty spot on the end table beside him and put the glass down. "American women," he said. "You are quite shocking."

"At my age I can afford to be," Sharon told him. She deliberately leaned forward, knowing he was able to see the full sweep of her breasts beneath her dress in the movement. The slippery feel of the fabric made her nipples thrust forward prominently. "Now, why don't you practice your erection on someone more appreciative."

Somehow he managed to contain his frustration and rose to bow in a continental manner. She took his fingers in a gentle handshake. "I feel sorry for you, Sharon Cass," he said.

She smiled again, a flash of amusement in her eyes. "I feel sorry for you, Raul. You know what you are missing and there is no possible chance of getting it at all."

"Not quite true, my dear."

"*Quite* true, Raul. I would deball you before you could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Choosing a Spillane Cover

An intimate interpolation in which the author tells how and why Mrs Spillane as seen here came to adorn his latest wrapper

The world of the beautiful is conceived in sex and nurtured in violence—otherwise it wouldn't be beautiful at all. You strip away the ugliness like pruning a vine until all that's left are the pretty things, shining nakedly wet with a wanton sort of desire showing that's a pure impulse to perpetuate itself. It's a wild world where the essence of strength and lust is distilled to its most potent form so that no matter who tastes it wants more, or none ever again.

But to write these things in a book published by a conservative, respectable old firm is one thing. Merchandising it with a nudely illustrative cover is another, especially when it is a first in said company's properly staid history.

Ever see a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "Ah, what a body!". Therein was my advantage in having Sherri as a legal bed partner, a wildly exotic blonde who crossed my path when I called for a pair of luscious legs to photograph for another book. Getting the entire ensemble was the unexpected pleasure . . . the hair, the face, all the fantastic S curves, and the crazy three-octave voice. Plus the total uninhibition of posing nude for all the world to see.

That nudity and *that* world suddenly compacted itself into the quietly formal atmosphere of dark-paneled wood and sedately hushed tones of the E. P. Dutton offices, populated by the reserved people of modest dress, quiet habits, sensitive mainly to the demure reading public and the general demeanor of those who author their tomes.

Which made the problem of how to insinuate nakedness . . . classic, sensuous nakedness, in full-length four-color fold-out cover-to-cover shockingness across a book whose title is *The Erection Set*.

You could almost hear the spit swallowing and feel the reluctance when the proposal was made, but hell . . . they all knew Sherri. They had seen her on television, listened to her sing and watched her swing across the sand in a crazy orange bikini that was a little nerve-racking to watch for the more sensually deprived establishment-types.

So the sperm of the idea was inseminated with the proposal and everybody stepped back to test the virility of the idea. It was there, all right, but you'd never know it. They all talked about the big day of the

Photography by Lawrence Ratzkin

photographic session approaching, they all had open invitations for the grand display of pure unadulterated nudity under the hot glare of floodlights and the sudden scintillating brilliance of the strobes . . . but only four of us walked into that studio : the photographer, the art director, the hairdresser, Sherri, and me. Damn, I wasn't going to miss a thing.

Playing the voyeur to your own wife might seem a little on the wild side, but when the scene was set and Sherri came out of the dressing room, just shining blonde hair and Aruba suntan, I wanted to applaud to keep the tingles out of my fingertips. Her breasts were ivory white where the bikini top had been, and across those deliciously flaring hips the strip of untanned skin was beautifully auburn-highlighted and I knew right then why I had written the book about her in the first place. I could have even added more to the dedication page too, but there are some things you just don't tell.

When I looked around the art director gave me a funny little grin of appreciation too.

Up on the ladder the photographer started to go to work.

And Sherri danced. She spreadeagled on the floor. She twisted, squirmed and did all those things that could make a man as uncomfortable as hell and wish he were in a quiet place alone with her. Or just any place and not even alone.

It was during the debriefing-before-developing that ovulation took place. The initial deed was done and you could see it in their eyes . . . the anticipation of viewing the forbidden, actually seeing what they had only tried to conjure up before . . . and now they were going to have to decide whether or not to make it public Dutton property. It was like a kid trying to get up nerve to walk into his first whorehouse.

The pictures had come back, and downstairs the art editor was nervous. Maybe he *shouldn't* have liked the idea. Upstairs they were a little trepidant too. It *was* a totally radical departure from usual policy. Weren't hardbook houses supposed to be prim and proper ? Or was it true that there was a new general awareness that sex was really there and there to stay, and no matter how you sliced it, nearly everybody liked it or *they* wouldn't have been there to begin with ?

They were all out of character being there in the boardroom in the first place, giving each other uneasy looks, yet eyeing the slide projector with slyly anxious glances. Voices subdued. Attempts at refined jocularity, alert to be cued by the reaction of the one whose opinion would decide the matter and who, at that moment, was filled with singular reluctance to combine merchandising with sex.

Lawyers call them hostile witnesses, so you do it easily, like a stripper starting her act . . . except that this time you do it in reverse. Lights out, a soft settling into seats, projector on and the switch automates a full-length view of Sherri in shimmering color and curves and you can hear the sudden intaking of breaths and the whispered "No, no's", but nobody is asking to cut the scene short.

The switch triggers another and another and the musculature writhes and contorts, enticing and commanding, breasts pouty, hips challenging, belly daring. Eyes flare and an impish grin looks back at the figures who have crowded more closely now. The poses are provocative, but the more censorable aspects are gradually being obscured and the true presentation is slowly coming into being. Blonde hair swirls around the smile, but the auburn is discreetly screened by crossed hands or curve of the torso.

You can sense the change of attitude to the positive when lust and direct invitation subtly evolve into enticing beauty, where sheer nakedness is lovely nudity and finally the one preselected picture is there, gorgeously supine in total fleshly exposure with one lush leg raised in symbolic toe-pointed vertical erection to unseen horizons, and the approval comes with silent applause and those funny grins only men can make who have enjoyed the show and know it's going to work and leave the viewing-room with obvious reluctance, yet know that they'll be able to remember it well when the cover comes out.

Oh, Sherri and I go to the Dutton offices often. We're entertained at lunches and conferences . . . but now it's going to be just a little bit different. To them anyway. No matter how she's dressed, she'll never really have any clothes on at all.

And I'll know exactly how they feel.

rape me. My 32 years have been very athletic and, like I said, I know all the tricks . . . even those."

His exit was graceful, she thought, for someone who had to revise all his thinking. Tonight he'd have some woman tucked under silken sheets next to him, wondering if somewhere along the primrose path he had lost his touch. His performance wouldn't be up to par at all and tomorrow he'd begin to worry. So he'd try for her again and lose the battle again and the decline would begin. Like the gross income chart on S. C. Cable's wall behind his desk.

"Would you really deball him?"

It was a funny voice, oddly scratchy with a strange accent she couldn't quite place, a Brooklyn voice with the New Yorkese deliberately rubbed out. She half turned and looked at him, then smiled because he was out of place somehow and she couldn't tell why either. She let all the reasons compute in her analytical mind and decided that he was too big in the shoulders and chest for one thing, and his hair too short for another. It was what they used to call a crew cut. His black suit was new, but molded from a different era, as if he were conscious of only one style and couldn't care less for what the "in" crowd had adopted. He looks like an eagle, she thought.

Suddenly she was back in front of the mirror again. She felt the tiny blond hairs rise on the backs of her forearms and a prickle go across her shoulders. It was like dropping into an abstract vortex of time and sound and colors she couldn't understand at all. Her stomach muscles seemed to tighten until juices were being squeezed right out of her. Inside her mind a faraway voice said, "I have a funny, funny feeling." And she answered back, "No. It's silly and childish. It never will really happen."

"Well?" he asked.

"It wouldn't have been very difficult."

"Your destruction of the boy was a little more practical," he said.

"I didn't think there was an eavesdropper."

"Hell, kid, I wouldn't miss a scene like that for the world. I was envying his approach until you dropped him. You really mean all that stuff?"

A curious laugh escaped Sharon's lips. "Yes. It was all true."

"Even about being a virgin?"

"Does it sound odd?"

This time he grinned and shrugged, toasting her with his drink. "Sounds crazy, kid, but it's your game."

She wondered where he had found a beer in Walt Gentry's supply. It was something Walt only brought in for his slumming parties. "What's *your* game, Mr. . . "

"Kelly. My first name's a beaut. It's D-O-G-E-R-O-N, but people call me Dog. I don't take offense."

But it *did* happen. It was too quick, too fast and she wasn't prepared for it. It was the bomb blowing up in your face before you even had the time set for it. It was the world rocking to a standstill when a second before it was serene and placid. It was a chasm opening under your feet while you were walking up a beautiful path lined with flowers and happiness and the sense of accomplishment. Discipline and self-denial reacted before she was aware of it . . . ages of fighting the battle of the sexes brought out the instinctive armor of words and demeanor. And always that little thought . . . she could be wrong. The chances were that she was.

Forget it, little blonde girl. Coincidences do happen and it's hard to remember anymore. That was all a long time ago and you've romanticized the image. You've held on to a stupid dream too long and now it's starting to show. Like the time two years ago when he turned out to be a Brazilian engineer with ten kids. And the seaman on the Esso tanker with the same name. Only he was 63 and a grandfather. There is no real Dogeron Kelly. You left him there at the train station and now he's dead. The whole family says so.

"So Dog's your name, but what's your game, Mr. Kelly? You look like a cop. Are you?"

He shook his head. "Hardly. I'm an individual entrepreneur. I do whatever is profitable and comes to hand. I'm a specialist in generalities and it would have been fun to watch you deball your friend."

"You think I couldn't?"

He gave a tight-lipped shrug and then grinned at her. "It's not very hard. I've ticked off a few knotheads that way in my time too. It's just that it's an extreme penalty to pay."

"For rape?" she asked quietly.

"Come on, nobody would have to rape you."

"Now you're on a sex kick too."

"Kid, *you* brought the subject up. I wouldn't bother raping you."

"Oh? What would you do?"

He let out another strange, raspy laugh. "Hell, I like it better the other way around. I'm the lazy type myself. Prolific, imaginative, but lazy. Half the time the only thing I get into is a conversation."

"And the other half?"

"That's another story not fit for virginal ears," he said.

She almost had an answer for him, but he winked and walked off, sipping at his beer. For some reason she felt annoyed. Raul Fucia had been right, of course. She *had* known what she was doing when she dressed for the party, instinctively aware of her potential, but it was not more than any of the others had known. No one was needed to tell her that she was beautiful and well constructed. They had, but the mirror was enough. Raul's reaction was enough to satisfy her judgment, but then that damned Dog had to come along and shatter her illusions. He couldn't have cared less.

She picked up her drink and tasted it, swirling the ice around in the glass, feeling a little smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. Hell, the dog, yes, small "d" dog, did it to her. He couldn't have cared less. And she wasn't too old, either. She was just right, absolutely prime, beautiful, knowledgeable, apt and exactly right.

The smile widened when she realized she had put her finger on it. She had been around just a little too long in the fast-moving world of show business where judgment had to be quick and correct if you wanted to survive not to miss it. She had put him in the forty-plus class, but the full head of short hair and only light touch of gray had fooled her. That and the strange lack of aging and the musculature. Heredity. Dog Kelly was a real, total predator.

And now he was stalking. She watched him across the room, his complete unconsciousness of what he was doing. The women's eyes would drift and follow him, return blankly a moment to what they had been doing, then drift again. In the small groups he would join there was an uncomfortableness among the men, barely discernible because they were aware and the act they chose as a facade would cover them. Sharon knew they felt the same way she did. They wondered what he was doing there.

For some obscure reason a funny thought ran through her mind. She wondered if he were carrying a gun.

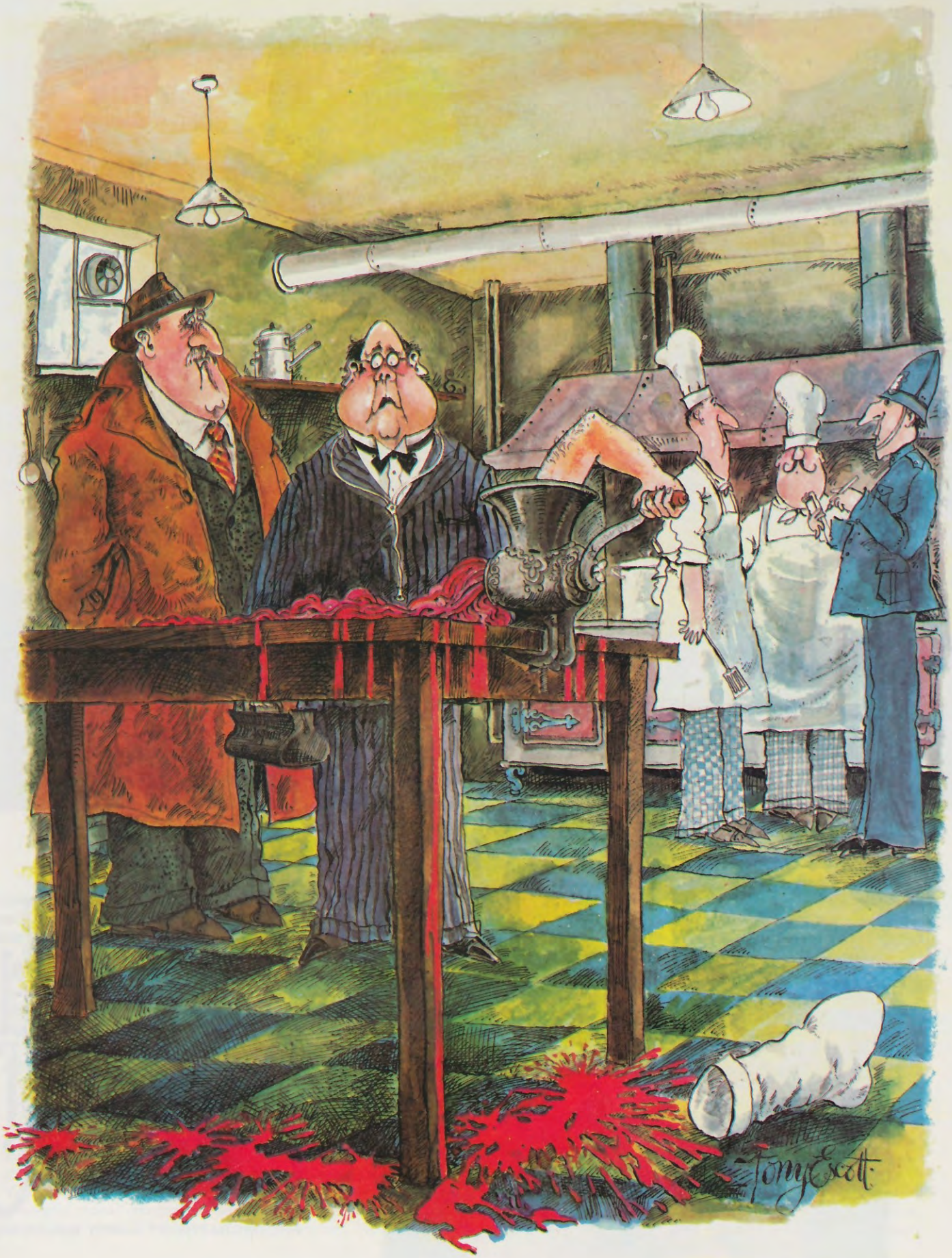
It was Darcy Taylor who took the initiative as always. A sweet thing on the screen, but a wild one when a man passed she wanted. She left Raul in midsentence and had her arm through Dog's, taking the glass out of his hand to taste his drink with a mock shudder and steering him out of sight to the bar beyond the French windows. It just wasn't Raul's day at all. Sharon felt sorry for whoever he managed to go home with this night.

"Enjoying yourself, Sharon?"

She looked up, smiling, knowing the voice. "Hello, Walt."

Walter Gentry III was the prototype of any and every bachelor who ran his own private world with inherited millions that Hollywood had attempted to emulate. The major difference was that this, the last of the fabulous Gentry clan, had, by shrewd business acumen, more than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



"It's quite the most determined case of suicide I've ever seen!"

In the exotic landscape of self-indulgent South Africa, one of the Cape Greats

Byrd of Paradise

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY GOLDMAN

Though so closely devoted to the tastes and desires of women, the diamond industry is almost an all-male affair —which makes 21-year-old Melanie Byrd, a personal assistant in a thriving Cape Town stone merchants, a very rare gem. The daughter of an American father and an English mother, the finely cut (36-23-35) Miss Byrd emigrated to South Africa to pursue her career in precious rocks, and she now considers herself a more exacting aficionado of expensive ice than Elizabeth Taylor. "Diamonds mean something very special to women," comments Melanie. "They represent far more than just a pretty piece of jewelry. They're a whole embodiment of class and style and haughty sex. A woman with 10,000 dollars' worth of stones round her wrist thinks that it makes her something very special. Most women will do almost anything for diamonds. I've seen them go into showrooms with men and you know darn well that they're bargaining their bodies. You can almost see the man waver when the girl points to a very expensive stone: you can see him thinking 'I'm not sure you're worth *that* much.'" Despite a certain cynicism towards the diamond-bedazzled, Melanie retains a healthy love of the white stone. "What is so exciting about diamonds is their scarcity. Elizabeth Taylor's £500,000 stone would not even fill the tiniest of thimbles.

After a day in which anything up to £30,000 worth of stones passes through her hands ("though you wouldn't guess it—the rough stuff looks just like gravel") Melanie indulges her other favorite activity—swimming on the paradisic South African shores. "I was living between London and New York before I came here," she explains. "I thought, really—why live in hell and purgatory when you can live in paradise? There's a lot of things that I don't like and don't agree with in South Africa, but the beaches and the countryside are out of this world. I sometimes feel I've stepped out of time altogether." How does Melanie cope in a male-dominated business? "Some of the older men view me with complete suspicion, and won't even talk to me. Some of the younger men think that because I'm a girl I'm naturally going to sleep with them. But, on the whole, I think they accept me well enough. Like a lot of new countries, it's a very

conservative place. They'll get used to me after a few years, I guess." Melanie admits that she does not plan to stay in the industry all her life. "I'm basically too hedonistic, and this is too hedonistic a country. I mean, it may be restricted in a great many ways, but if you want to live a very sensual, self-indulgent life, the raw material is here in abundance." Her ambitions? "To settle down, finally, in a beautiful house, with a massive diamond." Anyone convinced from this pictorial portrait of Melanie's 24-karat qualities is welcome to throw the first stone.

PENTHOUSE

an encyclopaedia
of erotic
enlightenment
INSTALMENT 4

Bond, James: spoof spy hero of author Ian Fleming, Bahama-based English journalist and author, whose formula of espionage, violence, sex and social expertise made such a success that he was earning, at his peak, "as much as a small cigar factory." Bond, immaculate, Aston-Martin driver, and aficionado of good food and better girls, took his pneumatic women to bed in between unbelievable espionage adventures from Casino Royale onwards, though his erotic conduct was seldom specifically described. Writer Kingsley Amis continued the character after Fleming's death (Colonel Sun). Played by Sean Connery, Bond still makes fortunes through a series of record-breaking films.

Bondage: minor branch of sado-masochism (often associated with rubber/leather fetishism) in which one sexual partner (almost always the male) derives pleasure *either* from being bound and gagged himself *or* from seeing his partner bound. This frequently involves the use of quite complicated equipment, *e.g.* ropes, chains, handcuffs, gags, rubber hoods, and several firms exist to fulfil this demand (one even sells chastity belts). Intimations of bondage sometimes occur in otherwise straight films and literature, *e.g. The Avengers* TV series and the James Bond films. There is also a more explicit pornography for bondage enthusiasts and Gillian Freeman in *The Undergrowth of Literature* lists such titles as *Bondage Enthusiasts Bound in Leather; Holiday in Fetterland; Slave Mistress; Initiated and Spanked by Satin Clad Bondage Fans* and *Dominating Tame-azons Shame Men into Subjection.* Surprisingly, the literature of psychopathology rarely mentions bondage and there are no reliable case-histories. This may be because it is such a mild fetish to satisfy. Krafft-Ebing discusses "sexual bondage", but only in a metaphoric sense, *i.e.* where one partner in a relationship is excessively emotionally dependent on the other. It seems possible that bondage (like rubber fetishism) is purely a modern phenomenon.

Bon-Ton Magazine or "Microscope of Fashion and Folly": An illustrated magazine, published from 1791-6, pioneering mingled fact and fiction in the erotic genre. It reported many of the scandalous rape and divorce cases of its time.

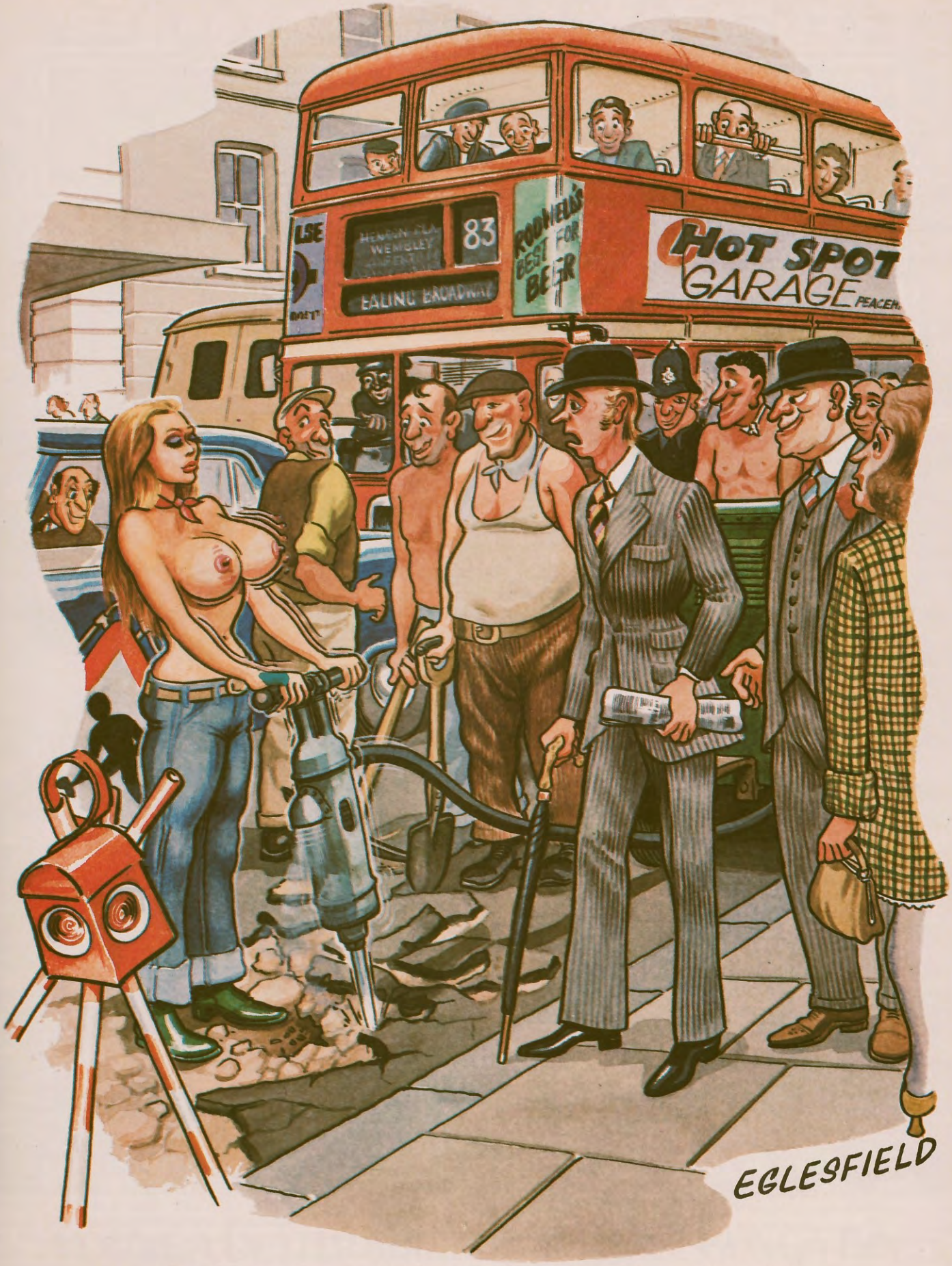
Boudoir, The (1883): Victorian underground pornographic magazine, successor to *The Pearl* (q.v.) and almost certainly produced by the same editor. But it only survived for a year.

Bowdler, Dr. Thomas (1754-1825): Victorian prude who objected to works of Shakespeare because "many words and phrases occur which are of so indecent a nature as to render it highly desirable that they should be erased". Hence edited *The Family Shakespeare* (1818) in which "those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family" and later gave Gibbon's *Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire* the same purification. Helped found The Proclamation Society, later titled The Society for the Suppression of Vice, to stamp out blasphemy and obscenity and rescue "fallen women". "To bowdlerize" has become a synonym for prudish expurgation.

breast(s): Milk-secreting organ in woman, consisting of protuberance of spongy tissue on thorax, tipped with erectile nipple. Cherished in Western culture less for its nourishment of infants than for its erotic attraction for adult males. In *The Naked Ape* Dr Desmond Morris theorizes that breasts may have evolved to their present prominence in imitation of buttocks. In quadrupeds the bottom is the primary sexual signal but when man stood erect it lost its potency and an eye-level reminder was needed, he says. When erotically caressed the breasts become rounder and firmer and can increase in size by a quarter. The nipples usually become erect and the areola swells and deepens in colour. At orgasm the breasts may show an erotic flush. Implanting silicone gel is now a common operation to boost the size of the breasts, usually detectible to the connoisseur by a small, central horizontal scar in the fold of the flesh. Reduction of size is also possible by removing some of the internal tissue, but this may necessitate repositioning the nipples by grafting. The breasts are susceptible to cancer, which may require mastectomy (removal of breasts) and the wearing of a false breast (in England a small bag of seed is provided on the National Health Service). A medical curiosity is the occurrence of two nipples on one breast. Fashion in breasts is cyclical. Following the one-piece "bolster" bosom of the Edwardians came the flat-chest look of the 1920s. In the '30s the brassiere caught on, restoring the bulge. The busty sweater girl (Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth etc) took over in World War II, and for the first time the big bosom benefited from the full blast of modern publicity. A turning point was Howard Hughes's promotion of *The Outlaw* (1947), focused on Jane Russell's magnificent mammaries (uplifted by a cantilevered bra). As part of the campaign skywriting planes drew circles with dots in the middle. The big-breast cult reached its peaks with Jayne Mansfield (44) and June Wilkinson (46), before the topless dress, the see-through blouse and the no-bra fashion revived the natural look. Historically, bare breasts are a recurring fashion. Girls in ancient Sparta left one breast bare. Queen Elizabeth I of England on occasion bared her breasts to demonstrate her virginity. Restoration

Also known as bristol etc.

Jane Russell in *The Outlaw.*



"Now look here Fiona, you're taking this Women's Lib business a little too far!"

dresses at court featured decolletage down to the nipple, and see-through styles were worn in French society in the late 18th century. As with other sexual organs, slang describes the breasts in terms of putdown: tits, boobs, charlies, knockers, bristols, big brown eyes, etc. In the male, the breast is undeveloped, though sensitivity in the nipple is common. Development may occur as an unwanted side-effect of hormone treatment.

bromide: Compound of bromine, a non-metallic poisonous dark liquid with a rank smell, used as a sedative. Traditionally mixed into the tea of English prisoners (and, allegedly, boarding schoolboys) to suppress their sexual urges and keep them pacific.

brothel: House of organized prostitution, also known as bordello, whorehouse etc or, archaically, bawdyhouse. Suppression of brothels in the 19th and 20th centuries by moral and/or hygienic reformers has made them rarer today than at any other time in modern history. Brothels were legal in ancient Greece, where

prostitutes were divided into four categories, depending on their looks and intelligence. During the more dissolute days of Rome brothels offered refinements like suckling babes for fellatio. In the Middle Ages prostitution was either repressed brutally or regarded as a necessary evil; brothels were usually confined to certain areas and required to display red lights – thus the term "red light district". Permissive attitudes prevailed during the Italian Renaissance and in 18th-century France and England, and in *Prostitution & Morality* Harry Benjamin M.D., and R.E.L. Masters describe brothels that offered child prostitutes, birds, animals, flagellation, fetishism and "simulated necrophilia". Sexologist Iwan Bloch called late 18th-century France the "Golden Age of Prostitution." Widespread opposition to prostitution emerged in the 19th century, and campaigns led by abolitionists like Josephine Butler at the turn of the century and Frenchwoman Marthe Richard after World War II led to brothel closures all over Europe. Today they are illegal throughout Europe, with the exception of Holland, Hamburg, and Turkey. In Portugal no new ones are allowed to open. In one U.S. state, Nevada, prostitution is legal under state law, but almost all municipalities there have outlawed it; instead customers are often flown to brothels (usually large caravans) in remote desert areas.

Brown, Helen Gurley: Authoress of *Sex and the Single Girl*, a milestone of the permissive society, and editor-in-chief of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, which she resuscitated since 1965 into a million-selling sex bible of the U.S. working girl.

Bruce, Lenny: Dirty-talking American comedian, persecuted by police and authorities throughout his career, which came to an untimely end with a drug overdose in a lavatory. Bruce's scatological club act was a breakthrough in telling-it-like-it-is comedy, though many didn't see it that way; in a minor *cause célèbre* he was banned from appearing at London's Establishment club. Sample Bruce gag (he is questioning a gas station attendant about the contraceptive machine in the lavatory): "Say, do you wear a condom? You do? You got one on now? I got a great idea: let's both put on condoms and take a picture."

buggery: Sexual intercourse between males, or between man and beast. The word derives from Bulgarus, an 11th-century heretic from Bulgaria, supposedly capable of committing any crime – even the heinous one of unnatural human intercourse. Bestiality and buggery have, since the beginnings of English common law, been taken together as crimes under the same heading. This is surprising in that the criminality of bestiality in the then civilized world greatly preceded that of human buggery. The Bible does not denounce human buggery – neither the Old Testament nor even St. Paul was interested in it – but this omission was made up for by edicts of the Church. Executions of sexual perverts, including buggers, occurred in the medieval period. The argument of some religious commentators was that buggery was a waste of "seed." At common law, buggery was either intercourse *per anum* between two (or more) men or between a man and a woman, or any form of intercourse between men and women and animals. This common law position is now contained in a consolidating British statute, the Sexual Offences Act 1956, and so apart from statutory exceptions buggery remains a crime punishable with a maximum of life imprisonment. The legal position of women in respect of buggery is often misunderstood because, traditionally, buggery is a man's crime. But a woman is a principal in the first degree to buggery (*i.e.* a main offender, not merely an accessory or abettor) if she agrees to intercourse *per anum* with a man, even if that man is her husband. She is also principal in the first degree if she commits intercourse *per vaginam*, for example, with a dog. Little sophistication has been given to the meaning of intercourse by the courts – mainly because the crime is rarely prosecuted – and it remains unclear what is the minimum requirement for the act of buggery, for example in terms of penetration. Though acts between consenting homosexual adults in private are no longer a crime in Britain, buggery and gross indecency between males are otherwise still crimes, and women remain as liable as they were at common law. A cherished legal precedent, R v Bourne (1952), produced this academic scorcher: a husband who compels his wife to commit buggery *per vaginam* with a dog can be convicted as principal in the second degree though the wife is entitled to be acquitted, with the result that there is no principal in the first degree.

bundling: Custom of allowing a girl to sleep with her fiancé, so that they can see how well they get on in bed together, while the girl's legs are firmly held together by a wraparound bundling garment, thereby theoretically obviating intercourse. In some versions a bundle or third person separated them. Bundling was common in the Highlands of Scotland and parts of Appalachia and Tennessee. The custom died out in the mid-19th century.

Burns, Robert (1759-96): Scotland's national poet, noted for his long-banned bawdy verses, and erotic adventures, as well as for his "overground" works. "Rabbie" was born on a farm near Ayr and lost no time in becoming a rural rake, producing innumerable illegitimate offspring. He married his "old love", Jean Armour, in 1788 after a long on-again, off-again romance. *Tam O'Shanter*, Burns's first book, more or less marked the beginning and end of his inspiration poetry. He devoted time and energy to collecting and adapting ribald ballads and folk jingles, some remembered from his childhood. The outcome is 85 songs and fragments known as *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*. A typical couplet runs: *"He plac'd his Jacob whare she did piss/An' his b---s whare the wind did blaw."* Burns became a heavy drinker and died at 37 of a heart disease.

Bundling: partly permissive.

Burroughs, William: American contemporary novelist known principally for his scatological epic of execution, homosexuality, addiction and coprophagy *The Naked Lunch* (published 1962). Burroughs, a son of the computer family, spent his early life as pest exterminator, private eye and drug addict, before taking several drug cures and producing his now-renowned trilogy *The Naked Lunch*, *The Soft Machine* and *The Ticket That Exploded*. His work is distinguished by its sci-fi homosexuality (Venusians grow penis-meat in jars) and his "cut-up" technique – a system of writing using random selection of words and sentences. He has made two films, *Towers Open Fire* and *The Cut Ups*, and appeared in others, notably as Opium Jones in *Chappaqua*.

Burton, Sir Richard (1829-90): Traveller, linguist and explorer, spent much of his life exploring India, Arabia and Africa, collecting anthropological notes on *e.g.* genital size, initiation rites, cliterodectomy, infibulation, and the possibilities of mating with apes ("I heard enough to satisfy me that these powerful beasts often kill men and rape women; but I could not convince myself that they ever kept the women as concubines"). Incorporated these in footnotes to his translation of *The Arabian Nights* (16 vols, 1885-8) and added essay on homosexuality. Printed privately to avoid prosecution, it made £10,000. Also translated Oriental pillowbooks and erotic manuals such as *The Perfumed Garden*, the *Kama Sutra* and the *Ananga Ranga*. Towards the end of his life he began to translate *The Scented Garden Men's Hearts to Gladden* and wrote to a friend: "It will be a marvellous repository of Eastern wisdom: how Eunuchs are made and married, what they

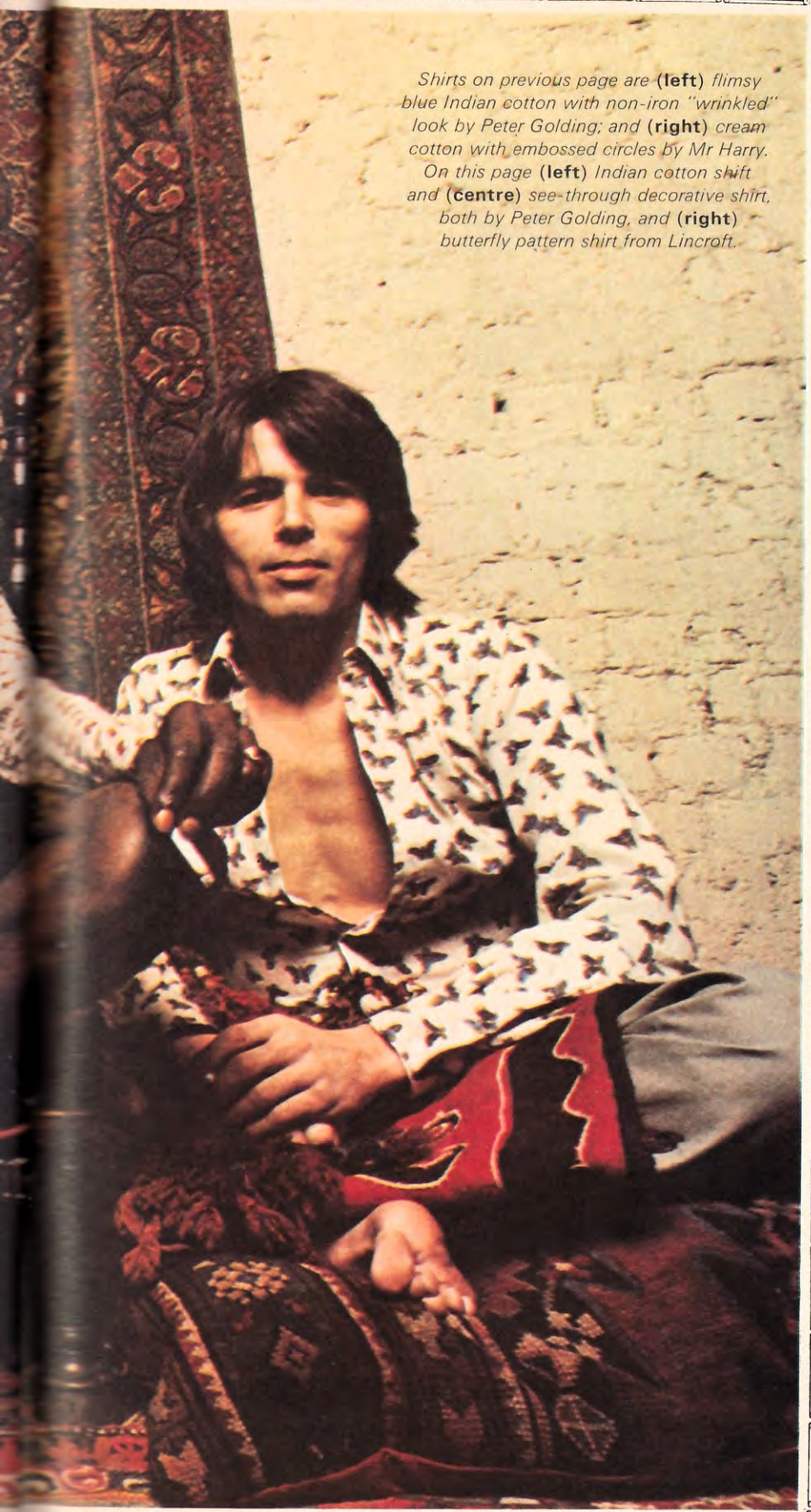
CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

YOU'VE A BETTER SHIRT THAN I HAVE GUNGA DIN

Indian styles—some of them made in India of native fabrics—dominate this year's shirts

FASHION BY JOHN TAYLOR/ART DIRECTION BY DEREK BURTON/PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

Oriental carpets by K. Delahunty, 11 Langton Street, London, SW10.



Shirts on previous page are **(left)** *flimsy blue Indian cotton with non-iron "wrinkled" look by Peter Golding; and* **(right)** *cream cotton with embossed circles by Mr Harry. On this page* **(left)** *Indian cotton shift and* **(centre)** *see-through decorative shirt, both by Peter Golding, and* **(right)** *butterfly pattern shirt from Lincroft.*

. . . and John Taylor predicts some near-naked trends in fashion

THE motivation of male fashion has turned full circle in the last 25 years. Whereas now the whole basic philosophy is based on the "Hoi—look at me!" principle, it is only a quarter of a century ago that the basis of being well dressed was to have nobody notice you at all.

Somewhere along the line it's all connected with the permissive society, but then what isn't? Attracting attention to yourself, once the cult takes hold, must inevitably end in the ultimate showing off of *taking* off. That *"modest"* clothes are invariably regarded as dull, sober, subfusc, or black, means that coloured clothes are at least half way to *immodesty*—and the ultimate in immodesty is showing your lot.

See how the philosophy has worked with women's fashion: "She looks like a tart!" was the ultimate in snobbish denunciation before Lord Wolfenden swept Les Girls off the streets and pushed them on to the end of a telephone line. It is difficult to say what tarts look like nowadays, because the public gaze cannot identify them.

But that curious illogicality which always credited the upper classes with being more moral than the lower, meant that the accusation of tartiness struck not at the target's professional capacity so much as at her social background. The accusation was triggered off merely by a girl wearing clothes which were voluptuous, flamboyantly coloured, revealing or in "bad taste".

The connotation no longer obtains because the whores no longer parade themselves in public, and emphasised sexuality in dress has lost its visual connection with professional immorality. The call girl has no need of that exterior "advertising" which the street walker used to titillate passing custom. The deal is contracted verbally before the protagonists are brought together. The nature of the assignation is already agreed and the prostitute can wear anything she likes—a négligée; high-heeled Russian boots; a suspender belt and a whip; Lisle stockings and a schoolgirl's hat; or absolutely nothing at all. Fashion is in no way concerned, only eccentricity.

With whores attempting to melt into the background scene rather than stridently stand out from it, the stigma has been taken from stridency. The normal "respectable" woman is thus allowed to emphasize her visual sexual allure without necessarily being accused of having her price.

Good, I say. The common acceptance of the micro skirt; the bra-less, see-through blouse; the nipple fetish; the suggestive zip fasteners at the fronts of women's trousers (even the trousers themselves, which by encasing each leg separately emphasize the fact that a woman's legs divide); all demonstrate how far we have come from days when any of these would have had the wearer nicked on sus., or at least refused entry to the Savoy Grill.

It is pertinent that all the early attacks on the mini and hot pants came not only from all the women fashion writers with the bad legs, but also from the over-40 women who were originally brain-washed into believing that showing a lot of leg is "tarty" and therefore *déclassé*. Among older generations the belief

The Art of Asparagus Eating

A collector's piece of tongue-in-cheek erotica from *La Vie Parisienne* of 1885, demonstrating that poor table-manners in women can be a great blow to men. Translated by Roger Finborough.

The gourmande
This one plays with her asparagus like a sugar-stick. She slides her tongue along it, presses it to her lips, rolls it gently in the sauce once, twice, three times, then lifts it to her mouth and starts all over again, to the fascination of her companion, whose interest grows ever more lively as the asparagus disappears into her appreciative mouth.

The ignorant lady
Not knowing at which end to start, she grips the asparagus and hesitates, pretending she's never done it before. This arouses an exclamation from her neighbour, who profits from the occasion to give her a lesson.

The ingenuous type
She takes the asparagus full into her little round mouth, which fills her cheeks and causes her to breathe through her nose. The asparagus is so large that she cannot speak and begins to grow pink, without daring to swallow.

The simplest type
Known as the English method. Cut off the tips and eat them with a fork. It is practical, and it doesn't give everyone a chance to stare at you.

The natural way
Without shame or embarrassment, this lady rolls and rerolls her asparagus in the delicious sauce, which she loves. She opens her mouth, forces in the asparagus, closes her eyes—it's done.

Without style
This one bites bravely to seize the soft part. Then when the stem becomes hard, she pulls and pulls at it until it is quite mangled. A frightful way of going about a delicate task.

The polite way
With one bold lick of the tongue, the sauce is lapped off. With a second, more forceful lick, and a gentle nip of the teeth, followed by a more vigorous bite, the asparagus is finished off.

YOU'VE A BETTER SHIRT THAN I HAVE GUNGA DIN

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still persists that the upper classes disdain the sexual act as anything other than a necessary method of propagating their chinless offspring.

Because generations of woman-suppression has left the average female with a reluctance to be turned on sexually by revelations of the male body, masculine fashion has until now remained concerned with respectability. Woman's instinct demanded security from her husband rather than overt sexuality, and men dressed like clerks rather than Cossacks, because that was what attracted the birds.

The wild colours and contrasting patterns which male fashion is now accepting is the first step towards sartorial sexual display. The next phase will be to start revealing. And since increased medical knowledge and diet appreciations induced by the welfare state mean that average men and women are getting more physically beautiful all the time, the revelations will be far from unwelcome.

See-through shirts for men have been on the market for some time, of course, and though the male nipple doesn't have the exciting projections (if that's the word I want) generally credited to the female nipple, chest hair to a degree constitutes a man's secondary sexual characteristic. The transitional period during which women become emancipated yet remain dominated to some degree will first bring a sexual attraction to the Charles Atlas type build, and later will use this psychological basis to emphasise erotic areas of the male body. One swimwear manufacturer last year introduced a range of men's swimtrunks with a plastic cup inserted over the area of the genitals—serving to suggest an increase in the size of the wearer's private parts. The possibility at once presents itself of a return of the cod-piece—a medieval accessory pretending to cover the genitals but by the simple process of decoration and emphasis actually drawing attention to them. It is noticeable that in the recent fashion for widely shaped, bell-bottomed, flare trousers, the tightness above the knee was retained so that the bulge of the vitals could make its point.

The tendency for underclothes to work out to the surface and become top garments (*vide* shirts, singlets, tank tops, tee shirts, etc) is simply another manifestation of the tendency towards more male physical revelation. And the increased trend towards male jewellery is the result of men being unable to establish their credit rating in any other way as clothes become less and less, cheaper and cheaper, and simpler and simpler.

Strangely enough, the initial steps in the trend towards masculine beauty has been manifested in the passing cult of ugliness. The wildly hairy look, the tendency to adopt work clothes like battledress jackets and jean trousers, is actually a manifestation of emphasised masculinity. Though the willowy male weeds from Chelsea may look more like slender girls with their shoulder length hair, the psychological suggestion is also of a fuzzy cave man of sorts. Work clothes have "labourer" connotations, and suggestions of hairy chested muscularity. The fear of pregnancy outside marriage is now being neutralized by the pill, so women can begin to delight in the erotic pleasantry of being *overcome.* Modest clothing in menswear in older times had a suggestion of gentlemanliness and therefore gentleness. Somehow the pregnancy fear was heightened by the thought of rape rather than by the thought of romantic persuasion or licit matrimonial coupling. For a passing phase at least, the female frustrations of centuries can be slightly alleviated by a labourer look. Thus the influence of men's clothes comes currently from the bottom rather than from the top, and traditions are up-ended in a second way.

Once upon a time fashion emanated from the nobs and percolated down through layers of class until they settled on the bottom rung of the ladder. As they travelled they took on more and more exaggeration (more colour, more emphasis, more stridency, more physical assertion) for it was always fondly imagined among the lower classes that if it was *smart* to have, say, wide trousers, it must be *even smarter* to have even wider trousers. Styles snowballed as they rolled down the social hill and by the time they reached the social nadir they had become vulgarized to such a degree that the upper classes refused to be further identified with them. They would manifest their disapproval in a reaction—and another trend would start the process all over again.

"Vulgarity" no longer obtains or applies. Whether or not it will come back is not to be decided for a year or two. One only supposes that reaction still plays its part in design, though. One has only to see the almost willy-nilly adoption of the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s fashions over the last few seasons to realize that everything has been done before; and there is little new that can be produced in terms of the form of clothing by which we are to some extent crucified through the simple facts of our human physique.

But apart from the tendency for everyone to become more physically beautiful over the years ahead, we must also bear in mind the obvious possibility of climate control. Already our clothes have been mightily altered by the advent of heated homes and heated transport. Pyjamas have almost been killed by the invention of the electric blanket—and some kind of scientific breakthrough which will enable us to arrange essential rainfall during the night and give our days over to streets warmed by real or artificial sunshine, will eventually mean that beach-wear will be the order of the day.

The advent of the hot pants outfit means that we are unlikely to reject beachwear fashions for wear in town. As leisure hours increase and the working day shortens, clothes will be bought with never a thought of business formality in mind. Ultimately men could be parading the streets in shorts and bare chests and women in something akin to the bikini.

And in the further distance, I can envisage a time when a stark naked man and woman will arrive at a dinner appointment to find their host and hostess clad in a G-string apiece, and will protest: "Heavens—we'd no idea you were dressing. . . ."

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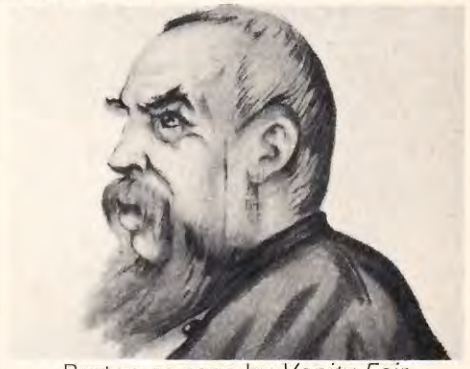
do in marriage; female circumcision, the fellahs copulating with crocodiles, etc. Mrs Grundy will howl till she almost bursts and will read every word of it with an intense enjoyment." But he died before it was finished and his wife burned the manuscript. "I wished his name to live forever unsullied and without stain", she said. (Ref: *The Devil Drives* (biog.) by Fawn M. Brodie, 1967)



Burton as seen by *Vanity Fair.*

Butler, Mrs. Josephine (1828-1906): English social reformer, successfully crusaded against the white-slave traffic and the Contagious Diseases Acts which for over 20 years effectively put all women in a large number of British military and naval towns at the mercy of special squads of vigilantes. The Acts were intended to regulate prostitution in these towns so that VD could be eradicated, but any woman suspected by the special squads of being a prostitute could be detained until she was prepared to be examined for VD, and could be further detained until she was declared fit again. Josephine Butler showed rare courage in exposing this scandal, since in those Victorian days it was considered wicked for a woman to even mention the word prostitute, let alone utter it at public meetings up and down the country. In 1885 the Acts were repealed and VD rates in the garrison towns drastically *decreased.* Mrs Butler then founded the International Abolitionist Federation to abolish licensed prostitution elsewhere: now only 13 countries in the world have such a system. The Josephine Butler Society – the British branch of the IAF – is now 100 years old and its main efforts are directed against the British Street Offences Act 1959, to which it makes the Women's Lib. objection that the law has a category for the "common prostitute" but not one for the "common client".

buttock(s): Cheek consisting largely of muscle connecting thighbone to hip, with erotic overtones due to proximity to crotch, vagina and anus. Women, and less commonly men, are often aroused by spanking of the buttocks, the nerve endings of the sexual area being related. In societies where sexual coupling is performed from the rear, buttocks are a sexual symbol, and this role has by no means died out, as is seen by the frequency of what are known as "bottom men".

(continues next month)

Can science settle the argument about pornography—what it is and what its effects are? Here's how one scientist tackles the question

by Professor H. J. Eysenck

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT PORNOGRAPHY

From Psychology is About People, *by H. J. Eysenck, to be published by Allen Lane The Penguin Press in the U.K. (£3.50) next month and later in the U.S.*

More jokes are probably made about sexual activities than about all other things combined, and no wonder—looked at without the rose-coloured glasses of romance, the sexual act must surely rank among the most comic performances of all time. My own introduction to the mysteries of sex took place rather early. My father had remarried when I was 9, and I went down to Munich to be introduced to his wife. Unfortunately there were some festivities going on at the time, and the hotel was full; the owner kindly allowed me to sleep on a sofa in his study. I was even then a compulsive reader, reading anything I could lay my hands on; looking for something to read after I had gone to bed I found nothing but a copy of Van der Velde's book on sex. This was one of the first of the many modern successors to the *Kama Sutra*, giving detailed descriptions of the many different positions of sexual intercourse; it became the Bible of every *Backfisch* (teenage girl) in Germany. When I read about the kinds of things adult men and women did together, I was so convulsed with laughter that I fell out of bed, and rolled helplessly around the floor. I imagined my form-master, fat old Dr P, doing the "tree" with his tall, thin wife, and was so shaken with uncontrollable amusement that my sides began to ache. Finally my father came in to find out what the racket was all about, and promptly confiscated the book, but it was too late.

From then on, whenever a teacher or some other grown-up in a position of authority annoyed me, I relaxed and imagined him in one of the positions so graphically described by the good Dr Van der Velde. This immediately restored my good humour, and enabled me to sit quietly through any number of lectures about my sins and venality. Even nowadays Van der Velde is my standby when I have to attend committees; the boredom would be unbearable without allowing imagination to commit slander on the sexual proclivities of the participants. Van der Velde was of course labelled "pornographic" in his time, and my imagination has since been powerfully assisted by *Fanny Hill, Candy* and other flowers out of the same garden, but first loves do not die, and I still remember his book best.

Second to the amusement I have received from a consideration of sexual behaviour itself has been the amusement of reading about pornography, what it is and what it is not. Sex can be tragic; one cannot work in a mental hospital and remain ignorant on this point. And sex can of course be beautiful, too, when set in a proper love relationship. But neither tragedy nor beauty are the common coin of everyday sex, and thus laughter is the only antidote to tears. Why is sex funny? I think that Bergson's theory of humour finds here one of the few places where it can be applied with impunity. Bergson thought that humour arose from the contradiction between our conception of human dignity, and the mechanical nature of our bodies, and certain aspects of our behaviour. The classic example, the man slipping on the banana skin, brings this incongruity out well. The sexual act, and the events leading up to it, contain a great deal of "mechanical" activity; this has not been lost on those who look for symbolisms of sexual activity. Driving in a nail, "screwing", aiming and firing a pistol, inserting the petrol pump nozzle in the car's tank—these are only some examples. Some people still believe that the use of these symbols was discovered by Freud, but this is not so. Among many possible examples, is the book *A Discourse on the Worship of Priapus,* written in 1786 by the antiquarian Richard Payne Knight (with the help of Sir William Hamilton, husband of Nelson's "dearest Emma"). Having argued that the round towers of Ireland and the English maypole were phallic symbols, Knight went on to argue that "even the spires of our churches are now shown to be nothing more nor less than existing symbols of this pagan and strange worship." It is this contradiction between the romantic ideal of love and the mechanical nature of the sexual act, which accounts for the humour inevitably involved in sex.

What is pornography? Perhaps the *Oxford English Dictionary* comes nearest to an intelligible definition when it says that pornography means "the expression or suggestion of obscene or unchaste subjects in literature or art". And for *obscene* it suggests "offensive to modesty or decency; expressing or suggesting lewd thoughts". And what is *lewd*? Our search through euphemisms brings us to a simple word which most people can understand without having to go to the dictionary; pornography is lustful writing about sex.

We could clarify the whole situation by abandoning the notion that there are two groups of writings, pornographic and non-pornographic, and recognize the fact that we are dealing with a dimension ranging from 0 (no mention of sex) to 100 (entirely concerned with sexual matters). Every book can be graded somewhere on this scale. The scale (shall we call it the P scale, and the score obtained by a book its P score?) does not concern itself with artistic merit, or scientific value, or historical interest. When I worked my way through Goethe's Collected Works as a schoolboy, I came to the famous Volume 53, in which were collected all his pornographic writings; these have a high artistic and historical interest, but are nevertheless concerned with sexual matters, and would be considered obscene and lascivious by most people. They are no less so than the stories in *Girlie Mag,* though few people would suggest that the latter rivalled Goethe's writings and poems in literary quality. Measurement, to be useful and effective, must make certain assumptions, and it is the business of the scientist to check whether these assumptions are justified or not. Elsewhere in my book I give a table listing 16 forms of sexual conduct which respondents were asked to tick, indicating whether they had or had not indulged in each. From the answers, processed in accordance with scientific conventions explained in my full text, we get a scale (*below*), which will strike most people as intuitively reasonable and acceptable.

This scale is of course meaningful only in a relative sense; it would not necessarily apply to other cultural groups—to the Japanese, for instance, kissing on the lips would constitute a perversion, and have a rating up around 12. For the Romans, the "missionary position" in intercourse would not have seemed the right and proper one, and they would have given it more points. But for our system of sexual mores, we can use this scale to construct a rating table which makes it possible to measure with objectivity and reasonable accuracy the amount of P (pornography) contained in a given passage of prose. Any pornographic book contains descriptions of people (particularly their primary and secondary sexual parts) and of acts (particularly acts having sexual significance). We give points for the mention of bodily parts involved in these descriptions of persons and activities, according to the table—1 point for lips, or shoulders, 4 points for breasts, 8 points for the sexual parts proper, and so on. To these points given for descriptive nouns we add points for favourable adjectives (1 for each, up to a maximum of 2 for one noun) or subtract points for unfavourable adjectives (—2 points for each, up to a maximum of 2). Let us try this out on a magnificent prose effort from *Naughty Ladies* which goes like this:

"His eyes devoured her magnificent body. Her firm, uppointing breasts seemed to burst their confines, and her luscious red lips lured him on to his downfall. He dropped his gaze to take in her long, well-shaped legs, her beautifully muscled buttocks and his breathing became heavy. Slowly she began to unbutton her blouse, revealing the swell of her bosom, until the transparent material fell away, showing her nipples in all their glory."

The points gained by this inspiring adventure in English composition are marked above the words responsible; these two sentences aggregate 32 points. (*See "P Index" opposite.*)

When actions are being reported the nouns in the sentence are multiplied by 2 if the action is manual, *i.e.* when bodily parts are

	Scale of Sexual Activity	Points:
1.	Social talking.	0
2.	One minute continuous lip kissing.	3
3.	Manual manipulation of female breast, over clothes.	4·5
4.	Manual manipulation of female breast, under clothes.	5·3
5.	Kissing nipples of female breast.	6·3
6.	Manual manipulation of female genitals.	6·5
7.	Manual manipulation of male genitals.	7·2
8.	Mutual manual manipulation of genitals.	7·3
9.	Sexual intercourse, face to face.	8·3
10.	Manual manipulation of male genitals to ejaculation.	8·6
11.	Oral manipulation of female genitals.	10·3
12.	Oral manipulation of male genitals.	10·8
13.	Sexual intercourse, man behind woman.	12·2
14.	Mutual oral-genital manipulation.	12·5
15.	Oral manipulation of male genitals to ejaculation.	12·8
16.	Mutual oral manipulation of genitals to mutual orgasm.	15·0

P (PORNOGRAPHY) INDEX

Nouns	*Points*	*Adjectives*	
lips, mouth	1	favourable	+1 } up to two adjectives
shoulders	1	unfavourable	−2 } for one noun
body	2	*Verbs*	
back, stomach	2	signifying manual manipulation	2 } multiple appropriate
legs	2		
breasts	4	signifying oral manipulation	4 } nouns
nipples	5		
buttocks	5	*Adverbs*	
thighs	5	favourable	1 } up to two adverbs
sexual parts	8	unfavourable	−2 } for one verb

being grasped, fondled, handled, stroked, caressed, or otherwise manipulated. Nouns are multiplied by 4 if the action is oral, *i.e.* when bodily parts are being kissed, licked, sucked, bitten, or otherwise orally manipulated. This multiplication is of the noun alone, not of the noun + adjective; thus "he fondled her cool, firm breasts, and then bent down to kiss her nipples with hot lips" would rate 4 for breasts, multiplied by 2 (for fondling), making 8; to this would be added 2 points for "cool" and "firm", making 10 for that part of the sentence. Similarly, 5 points for nipples are multiplied by 4 (for kissing), making 20; to this would be added 1 point for the adverbial phrase "with hot lips" (Adjectival phrases count as adjectives.). Thus the whole sentence rates 31 points. (Favourable adverbs rate 1 point, up to a maximum of 2 for one verb; unfavourable adverbs rate −2, also up to a total of 2 at most.) The reason for not counting more than two adjectives or adverbs is, of course, that a noun or verb should not be qualified too much as otherwise it loses its force; it would be more than slightly ridiculous to say: "he gazed at her magnificent, warm, pulsating, upstanding, red-tipped, large, well-shaped breasts". The reason for discriminating between favourable and unfavourable adjectives and adverbs will also be clear; pornographically speaking, "firm, large breasts" provoke lascivious and lustful thoughts, but "pendulous, sagging breasts" have the opposite effect. Similarly, "he made love madly" has a more marked pornographic effect than "he made love listlessly". Pornographic writers seldom use unfavourable terms, but when these are being used, the formula is ready to deal with all eventualities.

There are some complications to be considered. Bodily contact is scored like manual manipulation, i.e. in the sentence: "He lay down on his back, and she sat down on his stomach" the sitting down is rated as if she had touched him manually. Euphemisms which are quite unequivocal are rated as if the proper term had been used, *e.g.* "honeypot" for vagina. The same is done with colloquial terms, like "quim" for vagina. Latin terms probably do not deserve points at all; what produces pornographic effects is detailed description of sexual acts, and terms like "intromission", "fellatio" or "cunnilingus", even when they are understood by the reader, do not provide such description.

So far we have dealt with what one might call love-play; preceding this there is the stage of disrobing. Garments do not score anything, unless they are tight, revealing, transparent, or in some other way suggestive; if they are, they score one point. Panties and bras score two if they are mentioned, and 4 if they are removed. Altogether not many points can thus be scored with the act of disrobing, unless of course points are gained by mentioning parts of the body scored as in our table.

When we come to intercourse itself, which is defined as beginning with intromission and ending with ejaculation, scoring is changed; each word in the passage describing the sexual act itself is given 3 points. No extra points are given for mention of particular parts of the body. We thus have three parts of our pornographic masterpiece, all scored somewhat differently. First, there is the disrobing scene (1), followed by love-play (2), followed by intercourse (3); all three are summed to give a total number of points. The major source of points will usually be the third part, with the first part contributing relatively little.

However, a book such as Frank Harris's autobiography intersperses the pornographic passages with many pages not even mentioning women, or sex. Henry Miller, similarly, intersperses his well-known pornographic passages with much pseudo-philosophizing. It follows that we cannot average points over a whole book. It is suggested that we regard as the pornographic unit (P.U.) a coherent descriptive account of a sexual encounter which is separated from what went before, and what follows, by at least 100 words totalling less than 10 points; such a passage, in order to qualify, must contain an average of at least three points per 10-word section. Having located all such passages in a book, we can next average the number of points for each by dividing the number of words in each passage by the number of points. A book can now be described with some accuracy by stating (*a*) the number of P.U.s and (*b*) the average number of points of each P.U.; (*c*) it might also be useful to state the average length of each P.U., or perhaps give as a ratio the number of lines in the whole book divided by the number of lines in all P.U.s. Additional information which might be of interest would be (*d*) the highest mean score for any consecutive 100 words; this indicates with some accuracy the highest level of lewdness reached in the book. It might also be possible to draw a profile of the pornographic content of a book by plotting consecutive 100-word passages on the horizontal axis, and their P score on the vertical axis; I have done this for various books.

“We should abandon the notion that there are two groups of writings, pornographic and non-pornographic, and recognize that we are dealing with a dimension ranging from nil to 100. Every book can be graded on this scale”

Does this method of quantifying pornography actually work? If the reader will score for himself relevant passages in Henry Miller, Harris, and other *soi-disant* pornographers, as well as less obviously pornographic passages in other authors, he will find that his subjective judgements of the degree of pornography shown by these passages will agree closely with the P score. This experiment has been done a number of times, and agreement exceeding 90% has usually been found.

The term "obscene," while sometimes used as equivalent to pornographic by laymen and dictionary-makers alike, has a different legal connotation. Some pornography is obscene, but not all; a slight case of the pornographics is not offensive, while even a slight case of the obscenities is—by definition. The definition of what was regarded as obscene used to be related to certain assumed behavioural effects, *i.e.* whether "the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to corruption, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." These matters have since been changed in Britain, but what I wish to discuss is the psychological meaning of this "tendency to deprave and corrupt". Volumes have been written on this, but usually by lawyers, writers, politicians, journalists, sociologists, and others without much knowledge of the psychological literature. This seems odd, as this clearly is a purely psychological question; yet I cannot recollect any psychologist ever being asked his opinion! (Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts occasionally get a look in, not because they are supposed to know anything about psychology, but because they are medically qualified; why their medical knowledge should qualify them to speak on such a technical subject has never been clear to me.)

In a little experiment I conducted, several hundred intelligent and cooperative students were asked which of a number of activities they considered "depraved and corrupt" (such activities only make sense in relation to a particular type of person—having intercourse with an innocent young girl is one thing, having it with a mature widow may be quite another—and consequently types of

persons involved have been indicated in each case). (*See questionnaire at right.*)

Some people—mostly introverts—sprinkled ticks liberally. Seemingly they disapproved of all sexual activities outside the marital union. Even within that union, anything going beyond the "missionary position" was condemned. Others—mostly extraverts—had only a few crosses, indicating that as far as they were concerned "anything goes", provided it is within the law; rape and the seduction of a minor tended to be frowned upon even by the most "enlightened". Most respondents tended to come in between these two extremes, but their notions of depravity were clearly not identical either; indeed, the spectrum of opinion goes right across the board, from one extreme of permissiveness to the other extreme of puritanism, without a break anywhere.

There is no evidence here of that substratum of reasonable agreement on which the law seems to rely.

Is it true that unlimited freedom for writers, painters, film-makers and all others to produce and publish without let or hindrance pornographic wares of one kind or another leads to an increase in the number of sex crimes? Denmark's statistics (a decrease in sex crimes amounting to some 22%) cannot be taken too seriously but at least it seems to indicate that those who feared a great upsurge of sexual viciousness and lawlessness as a consequnce of great permissiveness have been disappointed. Whether such permissiveness actually produces a reduction in crimes cannot be asserted yet.

Can we claim then that greater permissiveness in the publication of pornography has no effect on the sexual mores of society, and leaves everything exactly where it was before? Can we assert that the tendency to permit more and more to be shown and written about is a consequnce, rather than a cause, of the general relaxation of moral rules? I think the evidence shows fairly conclusively that this notion is not very realistic, and that pornographic writings and pictures do have a definite effect in shifting the average person's behaviour in the direction of greater P—again, as defined in our table.

Adherents of the abolition of censorship would be well advised to base their case on the harmlessness of sexual behaviours which are not actually subject to criminal proceedings; if they argue in terms of lack of proof for the "tendency to deprave and corrupt", as many have done in the past, then it is to be feared that their arguments receive very little support from experimental psychology. I am neither arguing for nor against proposed changes in the rules governing censorship of books, plays, films or pictures. My concern is merely to set down the known facts.

What kind of evidence is available to indicate that pornography has any effect on people's behaviour? One might take the line of the British critic Milton Shulman and point out that directors of television companies who argue that sex and violence on the screen have no effect on people also argue (though usually in another place) that advertisements showing certain types of cars, or drinks, or chocolates have a tremendous effect in making people use that type of car, or drink, or chocolate; why the difference? If television advertising is effective (and there is little doubt that it is), then why should television be less effective when it advertises lax morals, cruelty and violence, and permissive behaviour generally? The attitude of television company directors is disingenuous, dishonest and absurd; it is clearly presented only to make it possible for the television companies to continue to coin money with the least effort.

Below are listed a number of activities of adult males towards different types of females. For each female type please place tick in the appropriate box IF YOU CONSIDER THAT THE ACTIVITY TOWARDS THAT PARTICULAR FEMALE TYPE IS EITHER DEPRAVED OR CORRUPT.
N.B. There are *five* female types to be rated for each activity.
Do not make any mark if you do not consider the activity to be depraved or corrupt.

ACTIVITY (of adult male) towards	FEMALE TYPE A	B	C	D	E
	A 15-year-old virgin	*A 25-year-old virgin*	*An unmarried non-virgin*	*(Husband) to married woman*	*(Man other than husband) to married woman*
1. Kiss on the mouth					
2. Seduce					
3. Have intercourse, normal fashion					
4. Lend pornographic books					
5. Touch and kiss sexual parts					
6. Initiate into prostitution and live on immoral earnings					
7. Take to strip-tease show					
8 Take to watch couple having intercourse					
9. Take to see 'blue' films					
10. Vigorous petting					
11. Take to theatre in which male actors simulate intercourse					
12. Exhibit sexual parts to female					
13. Make female dress up in clothes					
14. Take to an orgiastic party					
15. Use four-letter words					
16. Rape; force to have intercourse					

Mr Christopher Chataway, Britain's Postmaster General, who is responsible to Parliament for the activities of television, has publicly stated that if he knew of any such evidence, he would feel obliged to take action; his position hardly excuses his ignorance. But he and his American equivalents, who also have claimed to hear no evil, speak no evil and see no evil with respect to the effects of television and film obscenity, are not alone in ignorance. Consider a recent report on *The Obscenity Laws by the Working Party set up by a Conference Convened by the Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain* (this is the full title of the publication). Does obscenity corrupt? they ask, and answer that "verifiable fact is virtually non-existent". They quote as their authority a Professor R. M. Jackson, who is the Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge; he writes that "the supposed depravity and corruption produced by obscene articles is a matter of conjecture. No hard evidence can be put forward." What he calls "hard evidence" is in the nature of the case unobtainable, but even in law there is such a thing as circumstantial evidence, and this is at times sufficient to hang a murderer. The working party go on to quote a number of people, none of them familiar with the literature of experimental psychology; all acknowledge their ignorance, and no doubt others will now quote the ignorance of the working party as proof for the non-existence of evidence, and so the merry game continues.

We must, however, follow a scientific line of inquiry; and in science only the views of recognized scientists are considered, and a declaration that no evidence exists in a given field is only accepted from persons intimately concerned with that field. Such an attitude of scepticism might have helped the working party to arrive at a more sensible conclusion.

What kind of information would we regard as relevant to our question of whether pornography affects behaviour? We cannot take 10,000 virgins, expose half of them to television, or to pornographic books, while keeping the others away from any such infectiuous material, and then follow them up over a period of 20 years to find out which group produced more illegitimate babies—or whatever we might choose to be our criterion of "conduct unbecoming a gentle-

woman." The answer must be in terms of the much more usual indirect type of proof, just as, if we want to measure the speed with which remote stars recede from our galaxy, we must have recourse to the indirect measurement of the Döppler effect. In physics indirect tests, in which deductions are made from theories, and then tested in the laboratory, far outweigh direct tests.

In behaviour therapy, particularly that part of it usually referred to as desensitization therapy, a person suffering from a strong anxiety or fear reaction to a particular object or situation (snakes, or confronting a superior) is considered to have acquired a conditioned sympathetic reaction to the object or situation in question. The essence of desensitization is the building up of conditioned parasympathetic responses to the objects or situations which produce fear; this is done by getting the subject to relax very deeply (or administer relaxing drugs), and then presenting him with minimally disturbing images of the objects or situations he fears. The disorders so treated are commonly referred to as neuroses, but this only means that they are maladaptive; in England a fear of (say) snakes is absurd, and hence neurotic, but in Australia it might be useful, and save a person's life. Sexual anxieties and fears may be considered neurotic by the free-and-easy extravert, and morally and ethically advantageous by the introvert; there is no absolute scale on which we can measure social adaptivity. Consider now the likely effects of reading pornographic literature, or viewing sexually arousing plays or films on television. The subject-matter produces a certain amount of anxiety (this has been experimentally verified in a number of studies made in the US); however, viewing occurs under conditions which are the most relaxing, *i.e.* in the viewer's own home, sitting in his armchair, surrounded by his cherished possessions, etc. Hence conditions are arranged to promote maximal deconditioning (or desensitization) of the fears and anxieties normally aroused.

As a consequence, next time the viewer or reader is able to tolerate even more outspoken material, until finally he is in a position to go the whole hog and view (or read about) activities of a sexual nature which originally would have shocked him so much that he would have turned off the television, or thrown away his book.

What has been said here of sex is equally true and applicable when applied to violence. Our negative feelings when confronted with violence, the shedding of blood, and suffering are partly innate, partly acquired through a process of conditioning. They are essential for civilized soceity to survive; no police force could cope with a population which was not constrained in their aggression by some form of conscience. But of course films, television viewing and modern books glorifying violence and aggression are in fact (if not by choice) breaking down this carefully built up set of conditioned responses. By showing these activities, which would normally be frightening and so aversive, in a slightly reduced form, and in the comfort of the reader's or viewer's own home, desensitization must inevitably occur. If I were asked by some Martian invader how one could best destroy the human race without overt show of arms,

"Directors of television companies who argue that sex and violence on the screen have no effect on people also argue (though usually in another place) that advertisements showing products have a tremendous effect in making people use those products"

I would have to say that the destruction of the moral and ethical standards which alone maintain a society would be the best method, and in order to achieve this aim I would have to say that the unrestrained and continued showing of violence on television and film screens throughout the country, day in and day out, was by far the easiest and cheapest way. People ask wonderingly why there has been such a terrible outbreak of violence in the US, where television programs of this kind have been showing for much longer than anywhere else, and where saturation has been much more complete. I would answer that this is precisely what one would have predicted on psychological principles. But nobody asks psychologists about these things.

One of the most satisfactory methods of desensitization is that of modelling, and it is here that we receive the strongest support for our thesis. Consider a person who is afraid of snakes, and cannot tolerate being in the same room with one. Sit him at a safe distance, then bring in a snake in your arms, showing no fear, and start to fondle the snake, curl it around your neck, and generally demonstrate that there is nothing to be feared. Gradually you will be able to bring the snake nearer, until finally the patient's fear is completely overcome, and he will start to fondle the snake himself. Many fears and anxieties have been overcome in this way, and the modelling can even be done symbolically, *i.e.* the snake handling can be done on film which is shown to the patient.

In the same way violence can be induced by film modelling. Test children before showing the film in situations where conflict arises over the possession of some toys; then show a film involving one child hitting the other, taking the toy and getting away with it to some of the children, and a film in which the child is punished for doing this to the rest. Then put the children back into the same sort of situation; what will they do? The answer, of course, is that they will imitate the modelled behaviour. Those who saw the film where the child got away with it will now be much more aggressive than before, while those who saw the film where the child was punished will now be less aggressive. There seems no doubt that films showing certain types of behaviour have a very strong influence on what children and adults do; imitation, to use this outdated term, is clearly a very powerful factor.

Direct sexual films have not so far been experimented with, for obvious reasons; but the principles which govern other activities such as aggressive and violent behaviour, are not likely to be different from those which govern sexual behaviour. Show a film in which people indulge in certain forms of sexual activity, without punishment, and with obvious enjoyment, and for most young people the course of events will be very much as I have described—a continuous process of desensitization, leading on to ever more daring and intimate sexual activities.

Modern research has provided a much needed corrective to the rather primitive views held even a few years ago of sex as a biological instinct, rather like hunger and thirst; its aim was orgasm, and everything preceding this was only a preliminary. This single-act philosophy, held strongly by the Freudians, is so over-simplified as to be completely misleading. A hen will tend to eat a certain portion of the grain given it; increase the total amount, and the hen will eat more *in toto.* Many animals will eat more when put with another animal which is also eating. Thus even the most clearly "instinctive" activities, in very primitive animals, are subject to social influences; how much more so the sexual "instinct" in higher animals! Harlow has shown that when monkeys are brought up in isolation they showed no desire for sexual activity when put in a cage with other monkeys. Sexual appetite is certainly in large part acquired. When Schofield studied the sexual behaviour of young adolescents he found that of those who had had sexual intercourse, most had not enjoyed it much—less than half of the boys, and less than a third of the girls had thought it much fun! Clearly social factors were paramount in producing and perpetuating a form of conduct which had little intrinsic satisfaction.

F. A. Beach, whose work on sex in man and animal is well known, has made this point very clearly: "Sexual appetite, . . . has little or no relation to biological or physiological needs." This sexual appetite is "a product of experience, actual or vicarious." In one experiment a penis plethysmograph was used, *i.e.* an instrument to measure the volume of the penis, in order to measure sexual arousal. Slides of shoes were shown to male subjects; these produced no reaction. Then slides of nude women were shown; these produced strong reactions. Now the conditioning procedure was begun; slides of shoes

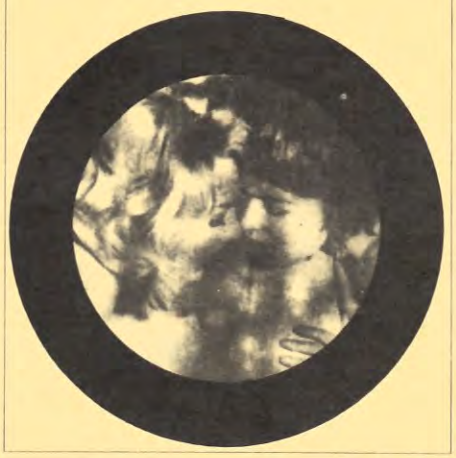
preceded by a second or two slides of nude women. After a while, the slides of shoes produced penis arousal even when not followed by the unconditioned stimuli: what is more, the conditioned stimuli showed generalization, in that slides showing boots and other types of footwear also produced sexual responses, although they had never been paired with the nude slides. D. H. Lawrence kept cursing "sex in the head", by which he meant the socially conditioned determinants of sexual arousal; he was more concerned with orgasmic mechanisms. But if we abolished "sex in the head" we would abolish nearly all sex.

If sex is a biological need pure and simple, rather like hunger and thirst, then it must be satisfied regardless of social and other consequences; to try and avoid such satisfaction is in fact impossible. On this view pornographic films and books do no harm; people have sexual instincts anyway, and no added fuel is provided by these films and books. The appetite theory leads to rather different conclusions. Modern society is extending ever farther the field of the sex-conditioned stimuli, thus creating more and more stimuli and conditions which are conducive to sexual arousal. Within our biological limits, we have as a society chosen to maximize sexual arousal; this may or may not be a wise choice, but let us not deceive ourselves about this matter. There is a choice, and this choice is not pre-empted by biological necessity. It may not be open to the individual to make such a choice; it may be made for him by those who are in command of the mass media, particularly television. But this makes it all the more important that the decision should be made in the full consciousness of what is involved; at the moment it goes by dafault—there is no informed argument, and hence rational decisions are impossible to arrive at.

Reading pornographic literature has the obvious effect of providing reinforcement, in the same way as reading a motoring magazine tends to concentrate the interest on the purchase of a new car! A pornographic book gives you information (sometimes true, often false, but the reader does not know this!) about the many ways in which intercourse can be undertaken, how sexual appetite can be aroused and satiated in different ways, and what sorts of consequences can be expected. Better sources of information can, of course, be imagined, but as long as these are not available—or if available do not carry with them the same amount of reinforcement as do pornographic novels—many people will continue to derive their knowledge of patterns of sexual behaviour and mores, and the appropriate emotional accompaniments of sex, from such novels.

The factual information provided (or believed to be provided) by pornographic literature can be very important; it is not often realized how misleading is the information on which many people have to rely in this field. I remember my first "patient", whom I encountered when I was doing research as psychologist to the Mill Hill Emergency Hospital during the war. Our patients were neurotic or psychotic soldiers and airmen, and one of them told me that the main reason for his breakdown was his incapacity to have intercourse; he had tried many times, but never succeeded. It turned out that he had only tried it standing up! I pointed out to him that it might be easier lying down, and as he did not seem to know much about it I lent him a copy of *Fanny Hill.* He devoured it within a day or two, and on his day off I saw him racing off to the bus (he lived in London, fortunately). When he came back he was glowing with happiness, and told me all about his brilliant success. If only pornographic literature were more factual in its accounts, how useful it could be for the purpose of providing information alone! As it is, many men, finding that they are unable to achieve the countless bouts per night which the heroes of these books seem to find so easy, fall prey to ideas of unworthiness and inferiority.

"The factual information provided by pornographic books can be very important. It is not often realized how misleading is the information on which many people have to rely in this field. I once helped a patient by lending him a copy of *Fanny Hill*"



Many other false beliefs are promulgated and endorsed by pornographic books, and the same is true of sex manuals. To quote Masters and Johnson, in their well-documented book on *Human Sexual Response,* which is based entirely on their own extensive experimental investigations: "Most marriage manuals advocate the technique of finding the clitoris and remaining in direct manual contact with it during attempts to stimulate female sexual tensions. In direct manipulation of the clitoris there is a narrow margin between stimulation and irritation. If the unsuspecting male partner adheres strictly to marriage manual dictum, he is placed in a most disadvantageous position. He is attempting proficiency with a technique that most women reject during their own automanipulative experiences." This rather waspish comment is followed by their own recommendation: "As stated previously, no two women practice automanipulation in similar fashion. Rather than following any preconceived plan for stimulating his sexual partner, the male will be infinitely more effective if he encourages vocalization on her part. The individual woman knows best the areas of her strongest sexual focus and the rapidity and intensity of manipulative technique that provides her with the greatest degree of sexual stimulation." This is good sense. People differ, and it is a mistake to generalize too freely about patterns of sexual conduct.

And where textbooks go wrong, pornographic books drop even heavier bricks; *e.g.* the insufferable Walter, whose *My Secret Life* is full of good advice to others who might wish to emulate his conquest of 2,000 vaginal barrels (to use Masters' and Johnson's beautiful phrase—who could treat a vaginal barrel seriously?). Walter advises would-be seducers to pull out their sexual organs as early in the game as possible and wag them in front of their girl; this, he assures us, acts as an invariable aphrodisiac. Having achieved this necessary first step, the man must apparently snatch at the female's sexual parts, helped, it is true, by the Victorian habit women had of not wearing panties. On reaching this target the man must work away at the clitoris, if necessary for hours, until the fair damsel swoons with delight, and is ready to receive his "copious libations". It is interesting to speculate what would happen to a male who followed this advice.

Pornography clearly presents a problem; is there an answer? Probably not; the problem is not a factual one, nor a technological one. You might ask if pornography is a good or bad thing, a use or an abuse of the media employed to purvey it. But such questions only *seem* meaningful; they depend on the answer one gives to another question, namely: What do you mean by "good" in this context? Pornography does not have one set of consequences, but many; some might be considered good, others bad. Furthermore, what is good for one person may be bad for another; individuality is supreme in this field. It would be very foolish indeed to come down on one side or the other and say with conviction that pornography is or is not an abomination which should be banned from television, the screen and the printed page.

Some argument can be dismissed pretty well out of hand. We cannot agree with the abolitionists that pornography induces people to commit sex crimes; unlimited permission to publish and show pornographic material of any kind may not seriously lower the sex crime-rate, but it does not seem to put it up. Nor does freedom to publish pornography turn society into pornographers; there is evidence from Denmark that when pornography is freely permitted to appear, then after a short period of increased interest sales drop disastrously, and the whole business is kept alive only by exports to other countries still maintaining the taboo on such productions. Both these arguments used to be advanced with some effect by the abolitionists; their disproof is pretty thorough.

On the other side, it cannot any longer be argued with any degree of conviction that pornography, or the portrayal of violence, have no effect on the behaviour of the people who see these things on the screen, or read

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about them in books and magazines. Laboratory evidence shows quite clearly that effects of even quite short pieces of film modelling certain types of behaviour have a pronounced effect on the actual behaviour of children and adults; so do verbal representations. Both behaviour and emotional reactions are affected, and the effects are not transitory. The evidence is admittedly indirect, but that is not really a valid point of criticism; much scientific evidence in the "hard" sciences is of this kind, and is readily accepted on much the same level as direct evidence. Thus, those who would wish to abolish censorship cannot reasonably go on arguing that pornography should be permitted because it has no effect on behaviour or emotion. This argument never carried much weight, being seen to be unreasonable and counter to experience with other types of "advertising"—and much pornographic writing, from Walter to D. H. Lawrence, and from Henry Miller to Frank Harris, is similar in intent to advertising; these writers want desperately to convince the reader that their outlook on sexual matters is right and the orthodox outlook wrong.

The argument thus shifts to different ground, one where it should have been conducted from the beginning, free from all the red herrings which so many protagonists have dragged across the path. What the argument is about is simply the nature of the society in which we wish to live, and in which we wish our children to live—neither more nor less. We tend to think of people as being introverted or extraverted, but clearly we can extend this typology to societies. Puritan society was introverted; opposed to smoking and drinking, wenching and dancing, intent on moral and religious questions, on serious behaviour and deep thought. The permissive society is extraverted; fond of materialistic belongings, sensually appealing trappings, music, dancing, smoking and drinking, with an emphasis on sexual pleasure and no thought for the morrow. Advertising has taken the place of the Bible, pornography that of the Lives of the Saints, Burlesque that of the religious meeting.

Societies propagate, as Plato saw all too clearly, their value system through the writings they encourage or tolerate, the poems they produce and publish, the pictures they paint, or the films shown in their cinemas. Societies engage in a gigantic process of brainwashing in order to ensure some degree of conformity; a process which makes use of the principles of conditioning. The little American boy who is made to salute his flag at school every morning and pledge allegiance to his country, is being brainwashed as surely as the Russian boy who is made to read about the divine intervention of Lenin in the power-struggle after the first war, or the Chinese boy who is made to carry Mao's *Thoughts* around in his satchel. Brainwashing is an inevitable part of welding together a society out of recalcitrant, individualistic pieces.

If we want to live in a society which stresses permanent, secure and loving unions between a man and a woman, then pornography (and all the other forces which it stands for in this connection) certainly provide a threat, and a serious one at that. What does the advocate of permissiveness have to say? He would point out that all too often the alleged values of traditional marriage are mere pretence; that children often suffer more in unhappy homes than they would if their parents were to separate and follow their own inclinations in sexual matters. He would go on to point to the repressions involved in the old system, the evils of prostitution which apparently cannot easily be separated from monogamous marriage, and he would protest on aesthetic grounds against any form of licence or inspection for works of art; the artist must be completely free to follow his genius, regardless of consequences. These arguments too are fine and incontrovertible; given the existing value system of the advocate, the permissive society is obviously preferable to puritanism. In fact, both sides simply show the favourable consequences of their policies to the public, and try to hide the less acceptable ones.

> **"Societies propagate their values through the writings they encourage or tolerate, the pictures they paint, or the films shown in their cinemas. Societies engage in a gigantic brainwashing to achieve some degree of conformity"**

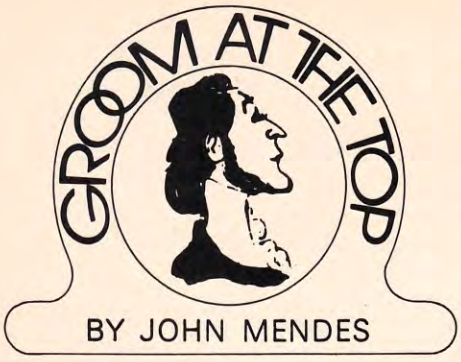
Victorian repressiveness almost certainly failed to have the desired effect of promoting happy family life, security of upbringing and permanence of emotional attachment; these are all difficult to legislate for. Our own society, by extending the boundaries of what is socially acceptable without destroying completely the legal and moral warp and woof that regulates the nature of more permanent unions is probably nearer a true compromise. It is always difficult to say when a compromise is working most efficiently, but in the absence of further information one has the uneasy feeling that any extension of permissiveness would not only reduce general happiness and contentment, but create a strong impetus for the pendulum to start swinging back towards repressiveness.

Let us make no mistake; genuine information on most of the issues raised here is almost entirely lacking. We know practically nothing about the proportion of happy and unhappy marriages, the influence on children of the actions parents may take when their marriage is breaking down; or the changes in the number of extramarital and premarital affairs. Research into sexual matters is still in its infancy, and while a little is known, much, much more remains to be explored. It is a tragedy that such research is almost shunned by experimenters, grant-giving bodies and universities alike; the intrepid investigator is looked down on as a dirty old man whose thoughts are preoccupied with pornography. When I wrote to heads of colleges and other learned institutions to ask permission to approach their students in connection with the sexual questionnaire discussed earlier, many seemed offended at being asked, refused permission curtly and sometimes offensively, and some wrote long letters beseeching me to consider the error of my ways and return to the bosom of the mother church. Others pointed out the uselessness of research in this area, implying that they knew all there was to be known about these things—or at least, all that was worth knowing. These were all eminent literary or scientific men. Reactions from other sources were even more absurd. The head of a modelling agency wrote in high dudgeon to a variety of newspapers complaining that her girls were being exposed to unmentionable dangers.

What I think is needed is for the media to finance an independent research organization, or at least give generous research grants to independent investigators, for research into the problems raised in this article. In Britain, the government makes it a statutory duty for the chemical industry to do research on drugs, and furnish the results to an independent government-appointed committee, for the simple reason that some of the products are dangerous, and the public needs protection. In exactly the same way I would suggest that some of the products of the mass media are dangerous, and that the public is entitled to protection.

It might be objected that our knowledge is so much greater in the psychopharmacological field, but this is simply not true. The panic measures taken when some pesticides, some oral birth control pills, and some sweeteners were banned did not originate in relevant, well controlled and properly executed research. The amount of knowledge in all these cases was minimal. Had nothing more substantial been available in the psychological field, I would certainly never have considered writing this article.

The position is surely clear in regard to violence, aggressiveness and cruelty. Our whole social structure is based on the rule of law, and freedom from random violence or directed aggression; it could be shown that these values were being undermined seriously by the current types of television and film programs, and by certain types of writings. I would argue that the evidence that already exists is pretty conclusive, but that bigger and better studies, more extensive in numbers, involving different types of children and adults, using different media, different criteria, should be conducted with all speed.



BY JOHN MENDES

HIRSUTE YOURSELF

For the man who was raised on DAs, crewcuts and Bostons, a slightly technical guide to the new haircut

Short hair, medium hair, lanky hair—what does it matter so long as the boy loves his Mama? The history of men's hair over the last 100 years has been much the same as the rise and fall of the female hemline. In mid-Victorian times male hair was full and thick, and looked remarkably like some of the styles one sees around today. It was not until the turn of the century, when the nation was indulging in a more than usual amount of patriotic sabre rattling, that the military short-back-and-sides became popular. Not to be too prissy about the matter, the style was easier to delouse on active service—for the same reason the American crewcut became popular in World War Two.

For half a century the short-back-and-sides reigned supreme. It was a visual proof of masculinity: an assurance that the owner was a credit to the insurance company that employed him and capable of playing a good game of rugger. Departure from the standard cut implied moral, sexual and political delinquency—not the kind of chap one would trust with one's sister. In his superb book about the RAF, *The Last Enemy,* Richard Hilary wrote about "the long-haired boys", the amateur flyers from the university air squadrons who helped win the Battle of Britain, and were despised by the short-haired professional officers (though what they called long would now be considered short).

It is important to emphasize how strong was this masculinity cult. The only males allowed to have longer hair were small boys under the age of seven. The boys of my own generation wore a strange fringe style which looked a bit like early Ringo Starr (it was done at Selfridge's, where one sat on a rocking horse and suffered the attentions of a woman dressed-up, for some weird sociological reason, like a royal nanny) but come the age of seven all that had to go. It was off to the local barber's shop, and all those packets of Durex decorating the mirrors, for a pudding-basin cut smarmed down with lots of cream.

In the 1950s, with the emergence of a better-heeled younger generation, came the first real signs of revolt. The quaint Teddy Boys had longer hair of a kind, including the ghastly duck's-arse cut, but gentlemen would have none of it. Not until the middle 1960s did hair really start to grow. Today, in 1972, the revolution is an accepted fact. Vast social changes, the different relationship between contemporary men and women, unisex, Women's Lib and lots more besides, have contributed to an atmosphere in which a man can wear adventurous clothes and longer hair styles without automatically being labelled a poove.

And it is not just the young. I talked recently with Xavier (known to one and all as Mr X) who runs an ultra-chic women's salon in Knightsbridge. Mr X's customers include ladies of title, politicals like Barbara Castle, and the wives of the kinds of managing directors who get in the business section of the *Sunday Times,* and a couple of years ago he suddenly found himself in the men's trade. How so? According to Mr X it was all because of the teenage daughters. They said to daddy they said: "Daddy, you just can't have your hair like that". And by "like that" they meant the cut daddy had been having for 20 years from Albert in the City, who was better at tipping the winner of the 2.30 at Kempton, and telling a couple of dirty stories, than styling hair. So daddy, conscious of the need to stay trendy, allowed himself to be booked-in for one of Mr X's men-only evenings.

Or listen to Lino Taboas, a young Spaniard who came to England seven years ago, now runs his own salon in George Street, just off Marylebone High Street, and boasts with some justification that he is the most expensive men's hairdresser in London. Lino's career began in Barcelona, where his gift for styling became all too apparent. After three weeks in his first job, in a salon where there were seven other staffers, all the customers wanted only Lino.

So Lino took off for London, worked in several Mayfair salons, then started his own. A haircut from Lino costs £4-5. This includes a shampoo (anyone who

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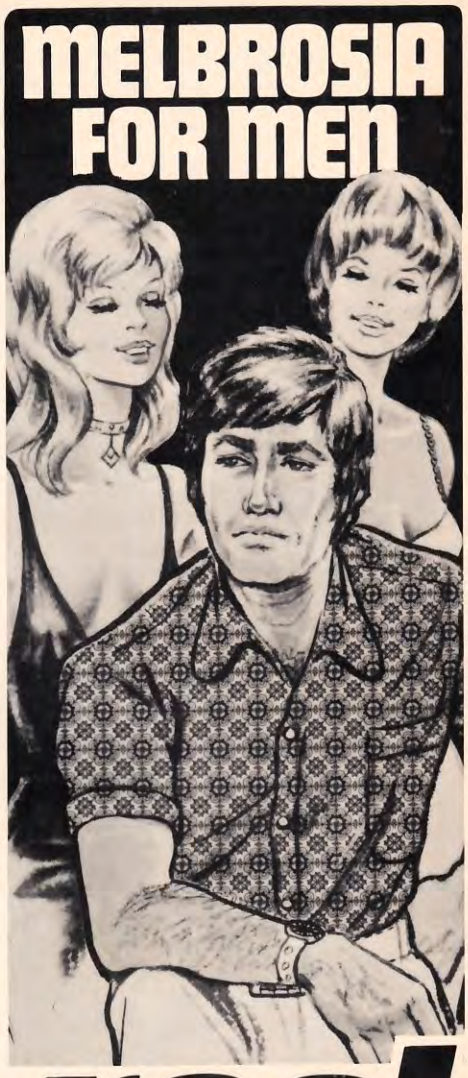

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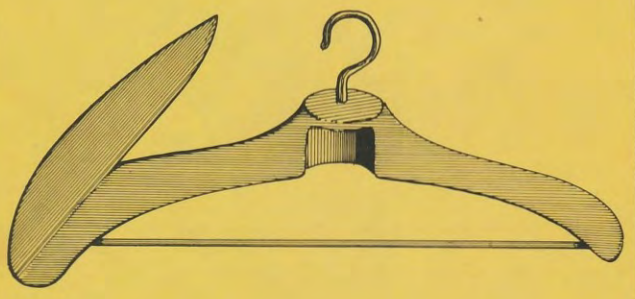
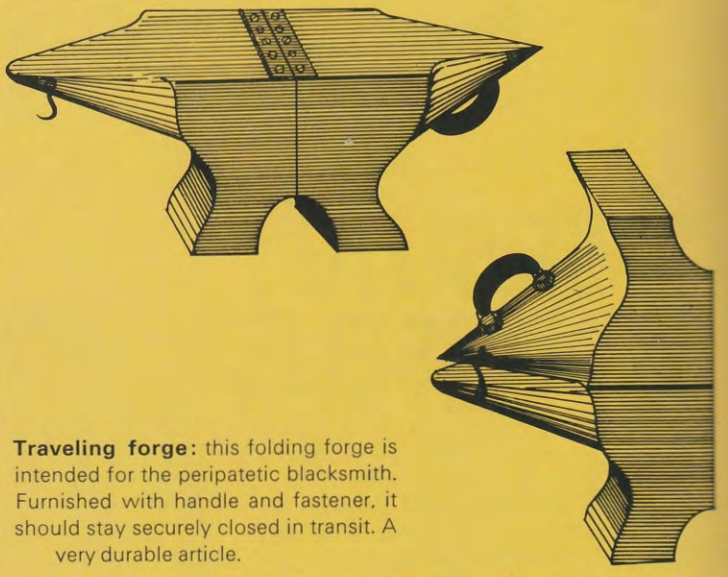
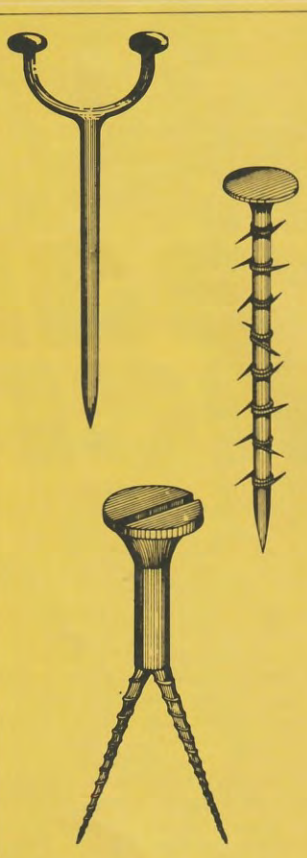


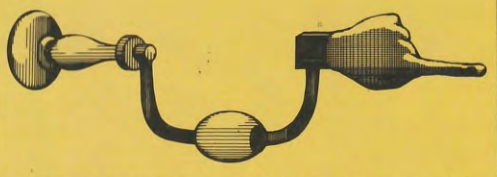
Military coathanger: holds your jacket at attention.



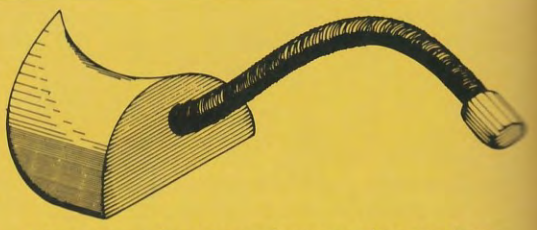
Traveling forge: this folding forge is intended for the peripatetic blacksmith. Furnished with handle and fastener, it should stay securely closed in transit. A very durable article.



Bifid screw (bottom): to join two planks of wood; barbed nail (center): once knocked in, can never be removed; twin-head nail (top): for workmen with double vision.



Personal groomer: particularly good for nostrils, ears, etc. Index finger is specially sterilized.



Shoe-trees for clogs: farmers, when you leave your wet clogs, use these clog-trees.

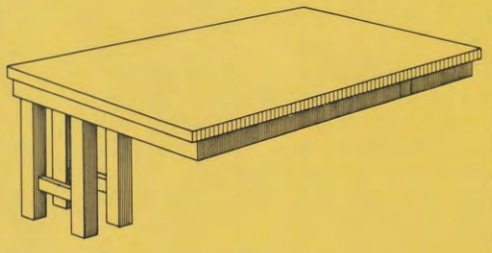
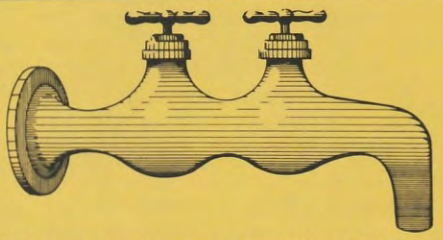
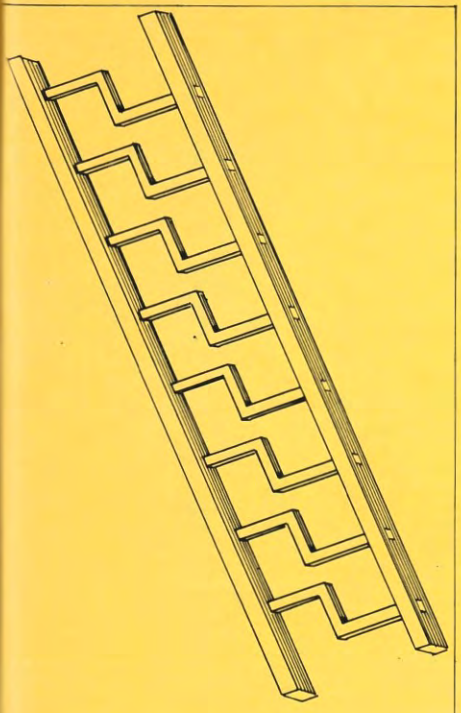


Table with retracted legs: neatly removes a common source of dinner-party discomfort!

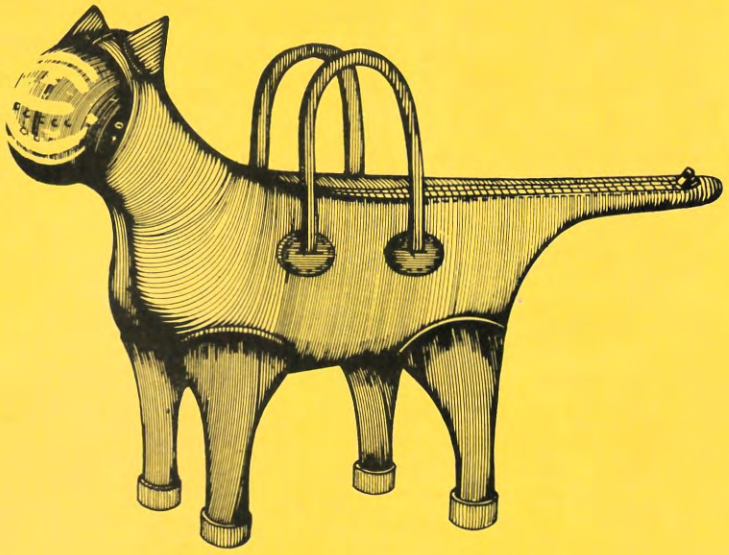


Safety tap: should you forget to turn off one tap, the other will stop the flow.

Masochist's coffee-pot: the method of operation is self-explanatory.



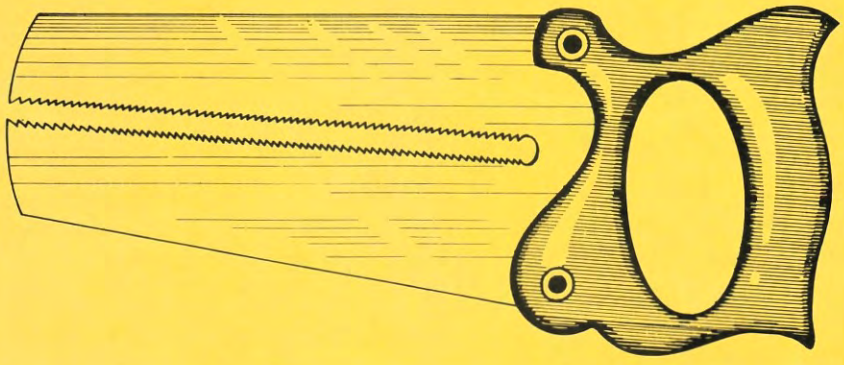
Ladder for those with a pronounced limp



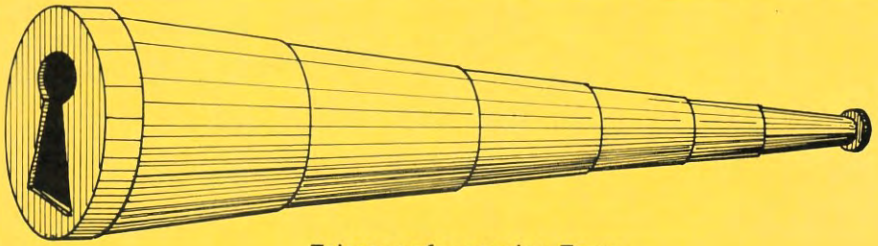
Cat-carrier: for comfortable cat transport: articulated, air-conditioned head with visor; reinforced handles; dorsal zip.

Child's fork: the absence of points makes this fork suitable for nursery use.

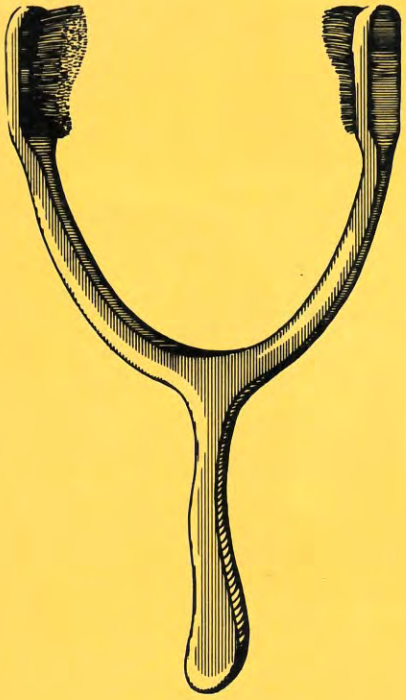
Key for high locks: when ordering, please state height of lock.



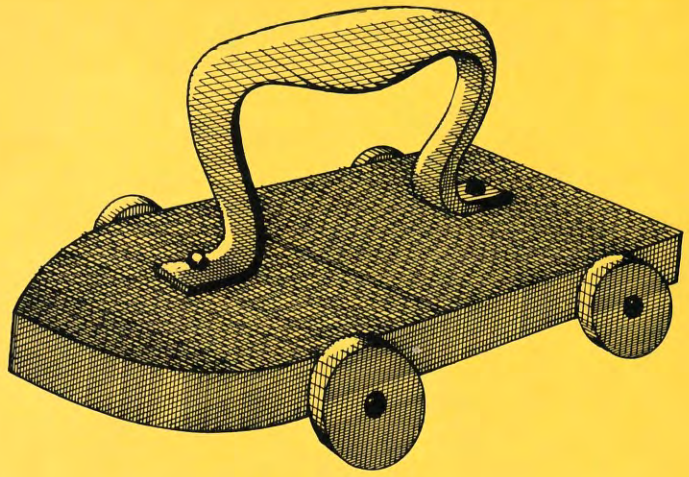
Saw for planks: insert plank in saw and proceed as normal.



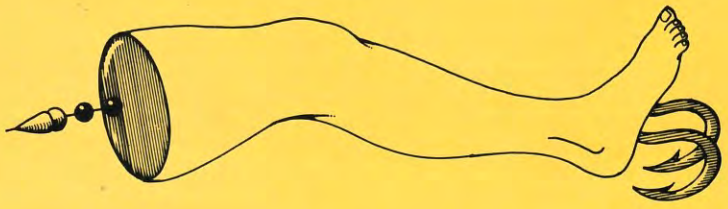
Telescope for peeping-Toms



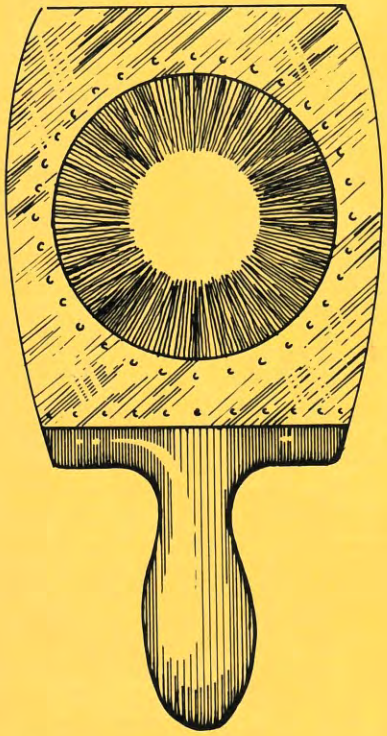
Speedy toothbrush: takes care of both sides at once.



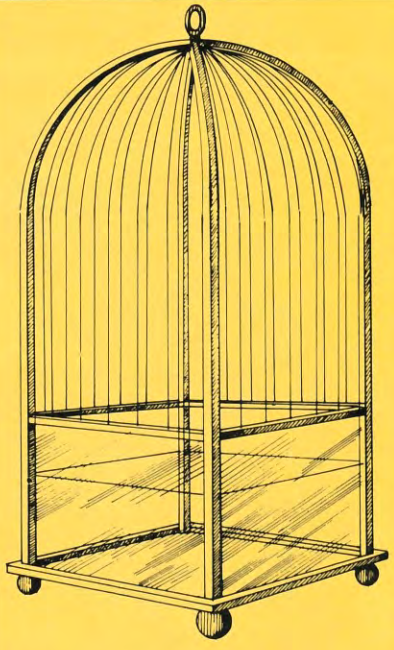
Iron on castors: this iron will move at double the speed of your present iron – a boon to the hard-pressed housewife.



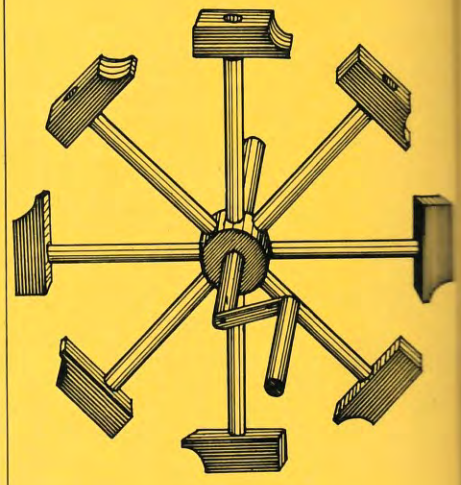
Fishing-hook for sharks: this plastic leg, resembling a real one in every respect, can be left nonchalantly dangling over the side.



Pipe brush: the special shape of this brush now enables you to paint whole pipes in one go. Different diameters on request.



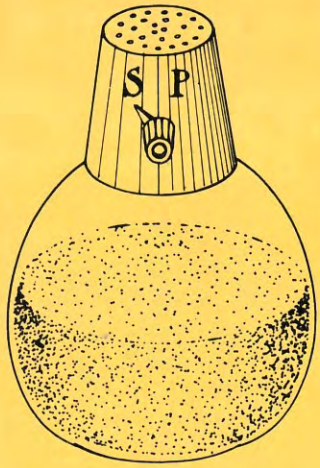
Cage/aquarium for flying fish



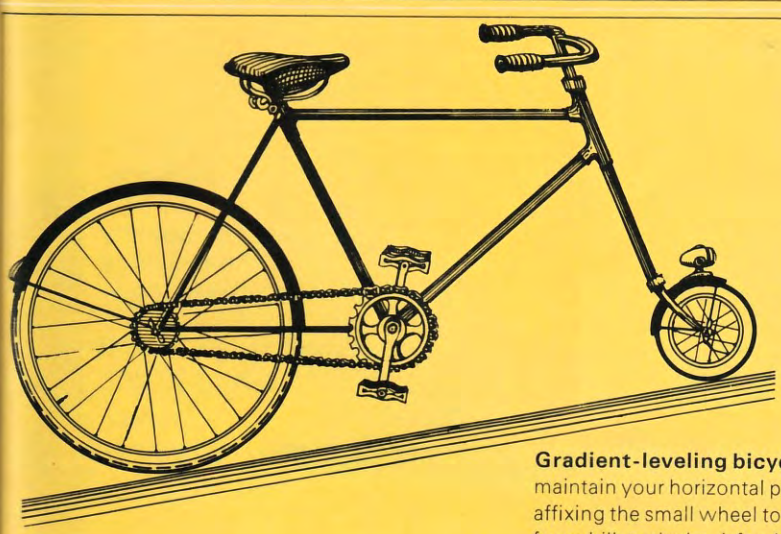
Poly-hammer: rotate handle rapidly for fast, professional workmanship.

Objects from Carelman's *Catalogue of Extraordinary Objects* (Abelard-Schuman, £1.50).

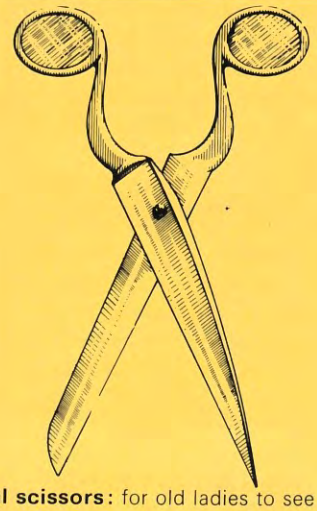
Hiker's chair (left): why stand up to walk when you can sit down to it with this chair slung from the shoulders? **Chair for the legless (right):** in all styles, baroque or modern.



Automatic salt and pepper pot: salt and pepper can be mixed indiscriminately and sorted out at the flick of a switch by the density principle.

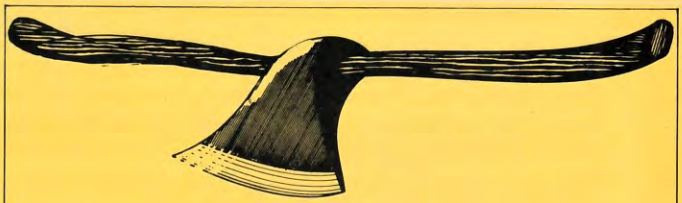


Gradient-leveling bicycle: maintain your horizontal position by affixing the small wheel to the front for uphill, to the back for downhill.

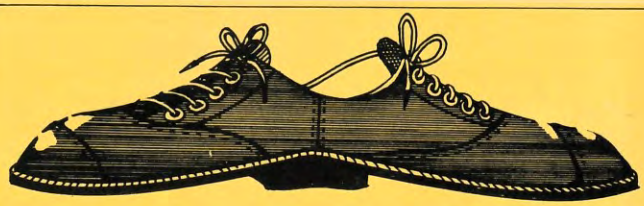


Optical scissors: for old ladies to see what they are sewing.

Spooncomber: for retrieving hairs that have inadvertently fallen in the soup.



Double-handled axe: the most formidable tree will succumb to the joint efforts of two men.



Double-life shoes: when front pair wear out, swivel and repeat. Wholly pleasing effect.

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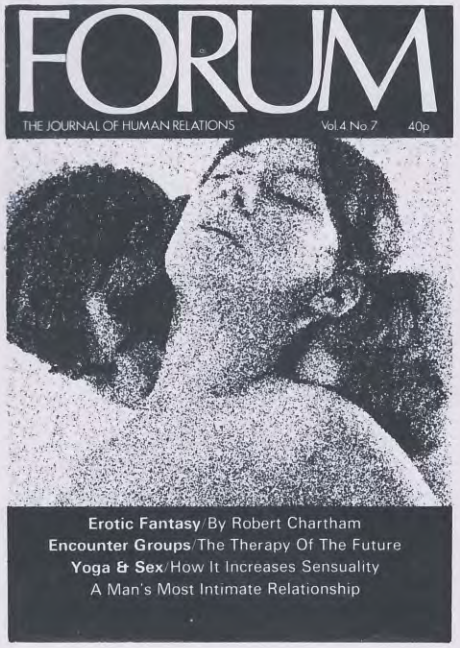

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VASECTOMY IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY

A willing victim's personal account of sterilization
by Bailey Alexander

Michael Terry

Some 750,000 American men are being made sterile this year. I am one of them. We are doing it on purpose, by means of a now well-publicized operation known as a vasectomy. Voluntary male sterilization is touted by advocates as inexpensive, readily available, and virtually painless. It is not. It is also said to be the safest and surest method of contraception known, simple to perform and often reversible. Apparently it is. It is said to improve one's sex life. It might.

There are at least a dozen persuasive reasons for having a vasectomy. Consider the possibilities.

Our planet—in case you've been away—is dying. The sun is 16% dimmer than it was at the time of the Great War. Garbage and smog choke our cities. Several rivers and a large lake or two are already dead, and we're working on the oceans. The total oil reserves of the Earth may be exhausted in another 50 years, along with most of our other natural resources. Four million people will starve to death this year, and twice that many will come close. The single biggest cause of these troubles, we are told, is people. There are 3.6 billion now, but twice that many are expected by the end of the century.

Among the men who study and understand these things, the optimists give us all 30 years of existence. The pessimists have let their life insurance lapse.

There's economics: Who can afford more children? Ask the man who owns three. Summer camp, orthodontia, guitar lessons, shoes and all those other tedious necessities are as nothing when arrayed before the humbling $5000 a year required to put Junior through Princeton.

Most contraceptive devices are distastefully mechanical. Many interrupt the spontaneity of the sex act. Women are panicky about the Pill, and they have justification. It may cause cancer or phlebitis, and just the alterations in body chemistry brought about by a change in dosage can be unsettling. The coil, or I.U.D., has been known to create serious infection. For still other women, further pregnancies might be dangerous or fatal. And some parents are concerned about passing on hereditary defects.

In a society where the family unit is revered, some people have no particular feeling for children. Others want to defer the responsibility indefinitely, preferring adoption if the desire arises. The confirmed bachelor who succumbs to matrimony at 42 has a perfect excuse to remain at least partially unencumbered. For the growing number of single men seeking sterilization, paternity suits are notably unsuccessful, and no marriage-fixated females could claim to have "forgotten" their pills.

The list can be doubled, but the advantages are clear. So are the drawbacks.

From the time I began seriously considering a vasectomy, I agonized over every aspect of it. There is the Catholic church, which disapproves of the procedure. I'm a nonpracticing Protestant. There is the notion of virility based on the ability to impregnate women. But like most WASPs, that concept was washed out of my emotional makeup slightly previous to the landing at Plymouth Rock.

But then comes the psychological crunch, the most deeply-rooted fear of all. Whisper it: castration. Vasectomy is *not* castration. But symbolic or actual, virtually all men, whatever their sexual inclinations, carry that piece of emotional baggage around in their psyche. Not everyone can work it out.

Most of my liberal friends, when advised of my consideration of voluntary sterilization, expressed interest and even praise. It's a great cocktail party topic. But one of my neighbors was thunderstruck. An upwardly-mobile, hairy-chested type, he was pronging barely budding nymphets in Flatbush before my suburban classmates and I had our first wet dreams. He could not fathom why I might permit myself to be "mutilated". His horror shook my resolve.

An erstwhile art student and unpublished novelist, I am possessed of a hyperactive imagination. One of my most persistent images had me strapped

knife poised . . . and a playful nurse goosing the doctor at a highly critical point in the proceedings. When that particular fantasy first materialized, I knew I would insist upon total anaesthesia during the operation. I wasn't about to be awake in the event my most cherished possession was accidentally snipped off like a wilted geranium.

Despite such reservations, I went ahead and talked to my doctor. He didn't do vasectomies, for the hospital with which he was associated didn't permit them, and he didn't perform surgery in his office. First myth exploded—that of wide availability.

Catholic-run hospitals, or individual doctors or administrators in key positions, squash the operation entirely. Further, childless husbands and especially single men find many otherwise willing doctors reluctant. Conventional wisdom dictates that the recipient of a vasectomy be over 35, have two or more children, and be married. He'd better be white, middle-class, and educated too, as the typical patient is—deviate from that description, and a man has difficulties.

I was referred to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization in New York. It is an educational and referral agency, listing 1600 cooperating doctors throughout the country. The printed matter they sent noted some 45 vasectomy clinics, one or more in most major cities. However, I understood that these offered the quickie, in-and-out form of operation, and though it was claimed that the discomfort is no worse than that of a pulled tooth, I rejected this in favour of hospital comforts.

AVS directed me to a Dr Howard Simon in White Plains, New York. It is important to patients that doctors *look* the part. In an age of specialization, this must be difficult for them. Nevertheless, I always felt that GPs should be kindly but gruff and slightly stooped. And show me a gynaecologist who leers a lot during examinations and I'll show you a poor man. My Dr Simon fulfilled his role admirably. Tall, thirtyish, handsome, graying slightly at the temples, he exudes calm confidence. There's just a touch of raffishness in the cast of the mouth, indicating some knowledge of life. In short, the kind of man you like to imagine in the cockpit of your 747.

At our initial consultation he answered my questions with brevity and clarity. And honesty. He would perform the operation in the local hospital (he is Chief of Urology) because there is "some post-operative discomfort". How much? I asked.

"Like a swift knee in the groin," he responded casually. That's why he recommended a Friday—to allow the weekend for recovery.

Another myth shattered. The more ardent proponents of vasectomies suggest that the process requires a mere 15-minute interval with the doctor, followed by a fast pastrami on rye and a quick jog back to the office. In reality, there is much tugging and pulling during the operation and the local anaesthetic used is injected directly into the scrotum. A patient suffering any fear or uncertainty about the operation might snap his cork right there on the table if he can see everything that's going on.

Though I admit to a pain threshold readily breached by a torn fingernail, what the zealots suggest is the masculine equivalent of the fabled Chinese peasant woman who pauses in mid-harvest to drop her latest offspring in a furrow and then continues plucking beansprouts.

While I asked and he answered, Dr Simon was satisfying himself that I had no serious emotional problems. If he suspected I had, he would have referred me to a psychiatrist. Some men are pushed into the operation by their wives and are none too happy about it. A few unbalanced persons seek a vasectomy in the desire to be mutilated.

BRIEF RUNDOWN FOR ANYONE TEMPTED

Vasectomy in this country is available through private doctors and through the Family Planning Association, who run 17 vasectomy clinics. It is not available under the National Health Service except in cases of dire medical need. The cost of having the operation performed privately is generally around £25 plus; through the FPA it is £15.50. This fee covers the operation and local anaesthetic only. The FPA say that the operation usually only involves a "two or three hour break from work".

MY WIFE'S CONSENT

I passed muster. First, I was to obtain a complete physical examination by an internist before arranging an appointment for the big day. Both my wife and I had to sign a release confirming that we understood that the operation was irreversible and that there was no guarantee that it would work. Neither of these caveats was likely to be true, but physicians must keep one eye on their patients and the other on the law courts.

Doctors in California have found that 30 to 50% of all vasectomies were reversed when attempted, at least in the sense of again producing spermatozoa in the semen. There was another question. Yes, the quantity of ejaculate is approximately the same after the operation. Only it is sperm-free.

Dr Simon emphasized that a post-operative sperm-count was mandatory. In the normal male, the count registers zero after 10 or 12 ejaculations. However, there are rare cases where it takes longer to clear out the canals.

The man who doesn't have a sperm-count makes a serious mistake. It's not a bad idea to have one made a year after the operation. The biological urge to reproduce is strong: there are recorded cases of the canals growing back together, called "spontaneous reanastomosis." This is unlikely under present surgical techniques, but the possibility exists.

One man, his marriage shaky, had a vasectomy performed when his wife went home to Mother for several weeks. Three months after she returned, she became pregnant. He hadn't told her of the operation. He divorced her with

considerable self-righteousness. He remarried, didn't tell his second wife, and *she* was soon with child. So he left her too. Since he had never had a semen analysis, he could never be certain whether he was merely a consistent cuckold or whether something had gone amiss in his operation.

The doctor also straightened me out on the subject of money. In India, the government gives a man a transistor radio if he submits to sterilization. It's a little different in the States—for Britain, see box. The surgical fee was to be $150. (AVS says that's average, with a range from $100 to $250.) The consultation cost $15. The hospital charges would be about $100, plus $50 to the anaesthetist. The internist charged $50 for the physical. Total: $365 (say £150). While the charges were not unreasonable, that represents quite a few radios.

Following my interview and physical exam, a date was set. The night before, Tony called. He had had his vasectomy. He was a booster, and his tone was distressingly hearty.

"Understand you're having your gears stripped tomorrow!" he boomed.

I winced.

"Good idea to have it on a Friday," he said. I asked why. "Because it aches a little."

"Aches a little?" I responded weakly.

"Hurts like hell, as a matter of fact!" he chortled. I gasped.

"Watch out for the attendant," he warned. I hesitated to ask why. "He shaved me from mid-thigh to navel! Itched like crazy for two months."

"Goodbye, Tony."

Marvellous to contemplate. Walking around for a week as if carrying a basketball between my legs and looking like a plucked chicken for seven more.

Despite this little help from my former friend, I showed up at the hospital. After the usual endless wait, and with a twinge of guilt that I was taking up space intended for sick people, I was finally told to slip into one of those dreadful backless and bottomless gowns. Another wait, and I was wheeled into the operating room. I had not been shaved. For some reason, that had become a major part of my concern.

Before I drifted off under the anaesthetic, grateful that I wouldn't hear any ensuing giggles, I urged care upon the doctor.

An untutored man horrifiedly envisions a four-inch opening cut along the shaft of the penis, and a snapping of tubes resembling the innards of a telephone cable. Not true. The surgeon makes a quarter-inch incision on one side of the scrotum and draws out the appropriate tube, called the "vas deferens". This is not as easy as it sounds. There are a number of tubes twisting around in there, many quite similar in feel and appearance to the vas. An experienced doctor can pick out the right one.

He cuts out a section of the vas, perhaps as much as an inch long. These segments are retained for analysis later, and sometimes kept permanently to prove the operation was performed properly. Depending on the surgeon, he will fold the ends back on themselves and sew them shut, or electrically cauterize the ends, sealing them. The point is to create a gap, a defect in the ducts. The wound is closed and the process repeated on the other side of the scrotum. It all takes 10 to 15 minutes.

MY WIFE'S CONCERN

I slogged back to consciousness in the recovery room. As I make it a point to be charming with airline stewardesses and nurses, I mumbled something about "what a lovely face to wake up to" to my own angel of mercy. One can never tell where such efforts might lead. (I *said* I have a rich fantasy life.) As soon as she turned her back, though, I lifted the sheet and peered down apprehensively. It was still there. Under an icebag. Second observation: Almost no hair had been shaved. Third: it was beginning to hurt. I adjusted the icebag.

My wife picked me up a few hours later. Her expression was one of awe and concern. Fourth observation: You pick up points with your mate. After sitting around helplessly through a couple of pregnancies, it was gratifying to know I had taken a share of the responsibility after all that fun. She fluttered about for two days, mostly changing the ice. I was very brave. Monday I went back to work. The catgut stitches melted away in a week, and so did the lingering ache. I avoided riding horses and motorcycles.

Six weeks later, Dr Simon instructed me to "collect a specimen by any means". I found that fascinating—medical sanction for whacking off! I was to do the collecting in a clean wide-mouthed jar at 8.30 in the morning and get it to the laboratory within an hour. I am not a morning person. Still, I marched to the bathroom after my coffee and toast, prescribed jar in hand. It took awhile, not unlike attempting to function sexually on stage, I suppose. And it was damned hard to aim. After 15 minutes, my wife's small voice at the door: "Can I help?"

The average male may produce semen supporting around 60,000,000 spermatozoa per cubic centimetre. Anything above 20,000,000 of the little troublemakers is regarded as indicating fertility. The canals have to be cleared of lingering spermatozoa through ejaculation, so contraception by other means is required until the lab gives the all-clear.

There is a little gold pin that announces the safety of the bearer to prospective bedmates, for the ideologically committed or the exhibitionistic.

Dr Simon called a few days later.

"The count is zero," he announced with cheery cool. "Have fun."

I intend to.

A LOVELY PIECE OF BAIT

> How awful if you ever had an accident, like slipping on a bicycle pedal or something. All your efforts would have been wasted . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

doubled his inheritance, another factor he had inherited along with a natural aristocratic appearance and charming manner. He had been the target of women from monied families for the past 20 years, but somehow never bothered to become permanently attached to any of them.

"I see you met Dog," Walt said.

"Yes, who is he?"

He tapped a long cigarette from a gold case and lit it, letting the stream of smoke drift from his lips. "We met in the Army. Quite a guy. He was one of the natural-born killers. He make an impression?"

"Unusual type," Sharon told him noncommittally. "What's he do?"

Walt smiled and shrugged. "I often wondered but never bothered to ask. One day he took me to a fraternal club in London and I saw a picture of him in a football uniform. Seems like he was an All American in college."

"He looks like a cop."

"I kind of think he dabbled in that business too. He's got some odd friends." He picked a drink from the tray of a passing waiter and tasted it. "Good to see you again, Sharon. It's been quite a while. How come old S.C. let you out?"

She looked up into his knowing grin and smiled back. "My boss is dangling me like bait on a hook for his enterprises, as if you didn't know."

"Lovely bait. How could any fish resist it?"

"You're not supposed to. I was critically inspected for capture appeal by the great one himself before being turned loose in your pond."

"And what sort of catch are you supposed to land this time?"

He signaled the waiter over, took another glass from the tray and handed it to her. "Thank you," she said. "S. C. Cable wants you for a coproduction deal. He figures you for at least a $5,000,000 bite."

"Nice," he laughed. "And you're the bait. I imagine you are expected to give your all."

"That's what I've been told. You'll never miss a slice off a cut loaf, and all that sort of thing."

"Except that your boss doesn't know . . . or believe . . . that this particular loaf has never been sliced."

"He's been told, but he doesn't believe," she said.

"Ah, you demi-vierges must have a rough time. You're too much for me, young lady."

"I thought you enjoyed the last time."

"Oh, I did. And thoroughly too. A little nerve-racking, but absolutely enjoyable. You're quite a performer. If you must know, I never had a more pleasant night and day after, but it was a real cliff-hanger with that attitude of yours. Not that I don't appreciate it. All I can think of his how awful it would be if you ever had an accident, like slipping on a bicycle pedal or something. All your efforts would have been wasted."

"I could still take a lie detector test," she said.

"Sharon, I'd sure like to be the lucky man. Want to make a trade?"

"For what?"

"Your virginity against the five million?"

"Walt, you're a wonderful man, but I think I'll hold out awhile longer."

"Old S.C. is going to be pretty mad when he hears about the terms you're turning down."

She smiled at him, a laugh in her voice. "He'll never believe it," she said. "The bonus factor alone is worth 5%."

Gentry had to laugh back at her. "You know, sugar, I usually can get anything I want with a nice sidewise glance of my gorgeous blue eyes, and if that doesn't work a cheap diamond compact will do the trick. Except with you. Honey, you're impossible, but to get you off the hook and let you enjoy your own personal hang-up a few months longer, you can tell S. C. Cable that the deal is on. If you even like me a little bit, tell him you gave me some of that precious stuff just to preserve my reputation."

"Any options?"

"Sharon . . . I'm too lazy to fight for it. Or over it." He looked across the room to where Dogeron Kelly was standing, leaning against the doorjamb of the French windows, looking out into the misty night with Mona Merriman nuzzling his shoulder. "Watch out for him, Sharon," he said.

"Why, Walt?"

Gentry took another sip of his drink and idly flipped open a gold cigarette case. "He reminds me of a title of a book. Not the book, just the title."

"Oh?"

"*Call of the Wild*," he told her.

She could feel the heat in her and he was a full room away. When she looked down, her fingers were twisting the ring around . . . third finger . . . left hand. It was made of brass and she had to wash the verdigris off every night. The stone was glass, green and chipped, something they laughed at but she excused as her good-luck charm when everyone knew she was neither sentimental nor superstitious. Her virgin stone one had named it, still green, not yet ripe, and when it changed color, ready for picking. She had culled out all the answers when they queried her and the answers were enough to stuff up the mouths of the smart ones. She had been around too long and too well. The diamond's cutting edges were just a little too sharp to touch. Nobody ever mentioned the ring anymore.

Across the room Mona Merriman had taken him outside the French doors. The rain had stopped and a gentle fog turned the windows across the avenue into soft orange ovals. Sharon got up and walked up to Raul Fucia, holding her glass in front of her.

"I need a drink," she said.

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A CURIOUS OBSESSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

1961 he had disposed of the Englishman-as-tourist image of the foreign aficionado when a magazine published an article on the point of a pic he had designed to prevent picadors "screwing down" on the bulls. He did not stop there but went on to write articles on such heady subjects as, "The Anticone of Immunity"—a theory on blind spots in the bull's vision. One overawed Spanish critic wrote that Johnston's logical and mathematical approach to the bullfight was "miraculous". The University of Salamanca were so inspired by the article that it launched a research programme, discovering that Johnston's theory was true up to a point but that his distances were way out.

When he is in Spain the press and TV and radio interviewers stop him in hotel lobbies for his comments on the day's fight. His own particular obsession in the bullfight is a compilation of data that is staggering. He has made himself into one of the most knowledgeable men on bullfighting in the non-Spanish speaking world. His own attitude to the fight is artistic, cold, precise. "I first went because I wanted to see something I had never seen before. I carried on going because what intrigued me was how this man could continue to deceive this animal for 20 minutes. And for many, many years I went to bullfights until I had solved that to my satisfaction."

The club prides itself on its technical knowledge. "The *aficion* at the club is extremely high," he says. "Over 50% have a very high standard of technical and artistic knowledge. The remainder know a good deal. Different members see it in different ways. Some see it as a punch-up, some see it as an art form and some see it as something romantic. The club is growing gradually but we don't intend it to grow fast. There are a number of people who join any club because they think it's kinky or esoteric, but they drop out after a time when they realize it's a relatively serious club."

Johnston, in common with many other members, is keenly aware of the other side of the argument, but feels that the bullfight's opponents present false facts. "One tiny pamphlet published by the Council Against Bullfighting contained 49 major mistakes. They present a case against bullfighting which is completely fictitious. In point of fact there is a case against bullfighting which is quite genuine. It *is* cruel. It is impossible to justify. I think Tynan said that the thing he liked least about himself was his love of the bullfight."

When Johnston wrote round the newspapers asking if they were interested in receiving the club's monthly magazine *The People* snapped back in print: "No thanks, Mr Johnston. We understand quite enough about that stinking sport already." There was also the occasion when he was angrily ordered off Wimbledon Common for demonstrating passes with a pair of bull's horns. Otherwise the club enjoys peaceful, quiet times today.

Every month the club receives two or three inquiries from boys wanting to become bullfighters. The advice given is always the same: Don't. "They are fascinated that it is a way of earning large sums of money and an exciting way of living. They are completely naïve about it. You have a better opportunity of becoming a Hollywood star than of becoming a bullfighter. In Madrid there are 10,000 young kids sleeping rough hoping to make it. You'll probably never see one of them."

Not everybody takes Johnston's advice. Paul Brough is the youngest member of the club and one of the few who have tried to make a career as a matador. His obsession for bullfighting controls him. At his kindergarten school,

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while other boys were chugging around the room imitating train drivers, he was fighting imaginary bulls.

"I saw my first bullfight when I was three or four. I was taken by my parents who disliked it intensely and left after the first bull. Somehow it must have registered on my imagination because I insisted on seeing another one. I was seven when I saw one or two more, and then at 10 I had the opportunity to go again. I was really hooked on it when I was 13—absolutely hooked."

By the age of 16 he decided he had to be a matador. "I had watched so many and it had become so much a part of me. It had taken me over. I was thinking, living, sleeping bullfighting to a disastrous point. I failed my O-levels because I spent the whole of my revision time writing to matadors and reading books. I had decided a couple of years after I went to public school that I couldn't take it any more and that I had to be a bullfighter. My school, I need hardly say, were absolutely disgusted with what they had turned out."

Slowly Paul built up contacts in Spain, met bull breeders and was introduced to matadors. He went to several bullfighting schools and followed every available lead until eventually the chances came. He would try his luck at amateur village fights and admits: "I used to be terrified by the size of the bulls."

At last he managed to fight in four *novilladas*—apprentice fights—in Navarre. "I didn't get on desperately well. The really frightening part of it is waiting for it to start. But in the ones I've fought they've been such a fiasco, with so little organization, that there was little time for worry. We were billed on hand-painted posters to appear with nasty looking donkey-like creatures. The ring was made up of carts. They whipped us into a stand behind the inn and then it was just a question of running like hell to get to the ring on time. In another one they barricaded up the exits in a village square."

Then one day he was gored. It was not serious, but it put him out of action for a while. Then the money ran out and reluctantly he returned to England. "I'd like to go back, but I must be strong. It's a bit worse than kicking alcoholism. I looked on bullfighting as my life—I suppose I always will do. I shall always regret not being able to fight bulls until either they literally kill me or I get too old.

"All this upset my parents tremendously. They disapprove of bullfighting intensely. And there am I deliberately doing something they can't bear. It's lost me friends and caused my parents to lose a lot of their friends."

He has been bitterly attacked for his ambition and understands his critics' attitude better than he understands his own commitment. "I think it's extremely cruel and a lot of aficionados feel the same way. You can't defend it. You can't justify it at all and I don't try. There are lots of fancy words people can put together and I've read some which I thought were quite good and that I ought to learn them, but it is just a lot of pretty words really. The other side of the argument is much stronger. But nobody could ban it—you see, it's so much part of Spanish life. It's very, very deep-rooted," he says with profound understanding.

Aficionados in their seventies will still talk about a particular pass in Bilbao back in the 1920s

"I am passionately fond of it. It will be with me all my days and I will always go to bullfights. It controls me. A year without seeing one would kill me stone dead. I shall attempt not to fight again . . . but I'm convinced I could make it as a matador. It's the one thing I feel most confident about in all my life. But even if I never fight again I have achieved one ambition—I've fought a bull in front of the public, in a suit of lights, and I cut two ears off it. So I achieved some goal, I got that far."

The club meetings have become the beacon of his life in England. "In the club are some of my closest and truest friends. Outside I have always to be on my guard. For me the club meetings are a tremendous climax. It builds up and up throughout the month and bursts at the club. But it's not enough—really it's awful, a kind of thwarted orgasm."

To someone not involved with the *corrida* Paul Brough's involvement might seem extreme, and yet there are thousands of aficionados of all nationalities who spend all their time and money on the bulls. For some their addiction eventually combines with a disillusioned disgust. This has happened to John Wright, a member of the club and the principal of an art college in Newport. I asked him to write and try and describe his feelings from Spain directly after he had seen a series of fights:

"The *feria* of Malaga has just ended and so I write—once again—with the mixed feelings—mostly boredom—of seeing eight *corridas* of no great note in unbelievable heat; just to sit through them was a feat of endurance. And yet we saw Ordonez, maybe for the last season, and Viti, and Miguelin at his awful best. And so after Pamplona, with good bulls, and other *ferias*, and all the rumours, sordid facts, commercialization, graft, corruption, deceit, refusals, high prices, weak and stumbling *novillos* called *toros*, decline and fatigue . . . I write in that state of dejection appropriate at this time. Yet even so I am looking for posters for other fights—which I'll go to and pay dearly for etc etc. It's a curious obsession."

Wright says many of the members share this strange mental state, which he describes as despair coupled with hope. Bullfighting, more than anything, is subject to the law of diminishing returns. For Wright the great moment came at a *corrida* in Valencia in July, 1966, when Ordonez and Camino fought bulls from the ranch of Juan Pedro Domecq. "But I've waited years for that day when a spark ignited the whole plaza into a great fire again—and I've never seen another since."

The members of the club are steeled against the many disillusionments of the *corrida*. The chances of seeing a good one when most of them are only able to visit Spain for a couple of weeks a year are slim. They will sit stoicly through six dull fights and hope that the seventh will redeem everything. And even if the seventh fails they will say that it was all worth it, for even the bad ones are interesting and give the opportunity for endless post-mortems and discussion. As Wright points out, aficionados in their seventies who have watched fights all their lives will still talk about a particular "media veronica" in Bilbao back in the 1920s. "One pass, a tenth of a second in time—enough."

So the members of the club assemble each month eager to experience that tenth of a second in time, the pass that will make it all worthwhile. At nearly every meeting there is a colour film of a recent *feria*. These are not concerned with the trumpets and the pageantry but are more likely to consist of endless close-up shots of left-handed passes with the *muleta*, which are rigorously inspected and criticized. Naturally, to experience the bullfight in this way tends to make some of the members purist, academic, and often removed from the reality. There is no brilliant sunshine and it needs no courage to drink beer at the Club Taurine. When Henry Higgins, the English matador, gave a talk to the club one member reproved him pompously: "Mr Higgins, when you open the compass some of us purists feel that your left foot is just a little too much forward."

"It just isn't like that," Higgins says. "When you are out there in front of a bull you don't have time to think like that. The London Club Taurine goes in for schoolroom bullfighting." But as the members would point out, Mr Higgins is blessed enough to be able to live in Spain, see fights, hang out with cronies in bullfight bars and actually have the pleasure, the joy, the ecstasy of fighting bulls. The members of the Club Taurine have to do the best they can in a pub in Cavendish Square.

GROOM AT THE TOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

has the nerve to ask for a cut without a shampoo gets thrown out for a start), a scalp steaming to open the pores and get the circulation going, a friction which goes down to the small of the back, a manicure from a gorgeous Spanish bird, and a trim from the master. Throw in superb service (the staff, big for a small salon, treat every customer as if he were Charlie Clore—and he may well be a patron for all I know), the best cup of black coffee I have had for years, and cigarettes on the house, and you get value for your £4-5.

Lino is cautious about long hair. "Yes, of course," he says, "hair is much longer now. But the style must suit the customer's face. Three years ago I was pleading with middle-aged executives, in important jobs, to let me grow their hair longer—and they wouldn't. Now, if you please, after I have given them a style which is right for the head and face—they tell me it is too short." For Lino, longer hair means a fullness at the neck and sides, rather than extreme styles. "No gimmicks", he says.

You do not have to pay Lino's prices to get a good hair style in London. All over town young hairdressers, most of them with experience in women's salons, are opening up to give the kind of cut and service that is beyond the imagination of the old-time barber. The same thing is happening in other big cities, but at a slower pace. The barber's shop is dead.

From Finland, a beautifully styled rowing exercise machine, the Puch-Tunturi, £49.95.

For the fit, active man: Wimslow's new Japanese cheesecloth shirts, about £5.

A lot can be done to look after your own hair. It is fascinating stuff. Most citizens have around 100,000 hairs on the head (the dark rather more than the fair) and each one grows out of a tube-shaped follicle in the skin. At the bottom of every follicle there is a papilla, which is a collection of cells. These cells continually multiply and push more cells up into the tubular follicle. A substance called keratin toughens the cells and transforms them into what we recognize as hair.

The outer surface of each thread of hair, the cuticle, is scaled like a snake's skin and is oiled by sebum from the sebaceous glands around the follicle. Over-active sebaceous glands give a greasy scalp and head of hair, in the same way that these glands, also found on the face, give the oily complexion which leads to acne and similar skin troubles. Sometimes the cuticle can become rough and broken and the hair looks unhealthy. The ability to grow very long hair is entirely a matter of personal metabolism: you are born with what you have got, and that is it. Some people can grow hair down to the waist in five years or so; others can never manage more than shoulder length. Hair colour comes mainly from melanin (the stuff which also gives us our skin colouring) but redheads get their carrot tops from another chemical in the cells, pheomelanin.

Regular cutting removes split ends and helps a style to keep its shape. Brushing in moderation helps men with dry scalps, but take it easy if you have greasy hair. Too much brushing will activate the sebaceous glands even more. Washing is all-important, and your stylist will pay great attention to choosing the right shampoo. Even if the hair is greasy it is not advisable to shampoo more than once every five days.

Colouring is becoming increasingly popular with men, and so too is waving. Contrariwise, men with frizzy and kinky hair can have it defuzzed. This used to be popular with negroes, but since black has become beautiful many Africans now cultivate and take pride in their frizz. Waving is actually a process of softening the keratin and then resetting. Natural hair colour can be bleached out, but redheads must watch it: pheomelanin does not bleach that easily and the end result can be a nasty brassy look.

GO ROWING

While exercise alone will not help a man to slim (see last month's Groom At The Top) a regular workout is essential for anyone who wants to stay fit. Exercise maintains physical condition, tones the muscles and livens the circulatory system. Some men take to ball games, while others, like me, with neither the time, inclination nor aptitude for running around playing fields in shorts, prefer indoor methods. One answer for confirmed indoor types is a rowing machine with an adjustable load to suit the user's age, health and strength, and a new one now out is the Puch-Tunturi from Finland. Very attractively designed, it is £49.95 from shops like Lillywhite's and Harrods.

INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

These days a man does not suffer from lack of female passes because he wears glasses—the things have long been sexy. But bifocals perched on the end of the nose are still a bit fusty, even though they do save the bother of two sets of specs. The latest things are seamless invisible bifocal lenses—you just can't see the join, and nor can anyone else. Cost is £16-18, fitted to any kind of frame, and they can be ordered through a dispensing optician.

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VAL GIELGUD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

publicized. The generals and the representatives of the French establishment were undoubtedly honest in their convictions, and their motivations were as pure as the violently pro-Dreyfus characters who rushed to his defence when they decided he was a much-wronged man. That the establishment was proved to be hideously wrong does not alter the fact that there was a lot of evidence on the other side. I have tried to show in my story that the security service weren't trying to put an innocent man on the rack just because he was black: there was a good deal about him which gave them cause to be suspicious. It was not unreasonable for them to have taken this line, though of course once they had committed themselves to a line like this, they would stop at nothing to tighten the noose.

Penthouse: What experience do you have of this yourself?

Gielgud: Well, one of the big troubles about big organizations and establishments is that on the whole they can't afford to be wrong. Their basis is that they should be at any rate justified in their own eyes; and if they're not, they won't be even faintly efficient. So as soon as you get an organization like a security service, or to bring points rather nearer home, a thing like the BBC, it can't afford not to imagine that it is right—*imagine* being the operative word.

Penthouse: Should the BBC, then, follow the Government line?

Gielgud: No, it certainly shouldn't. That was laid down by Reith as long ago as the General Strike, and it was the best precedent ever set. It is the business of the BBC to have a degree of editorial responsibility, which circulates from the very top to any individual in charge of any individual programme. If television and radio abrogate that responsibility, it either becomes the handmaiden of the establishment, which is quite wrong, or it falls into the hands of someone like Mrs Whitehouse, who's an ass, or it becomes a permanent chip-on-the-shoulder medium, as exemplified in *That Was The Week That Was.* This programme seemed to me to be a turning-point, at which simply for the sake of getting away with a very amusing form of tabloid, the common sense of editorial responsibility was thrown away.

Penthouse: Are you saying the BBC has now completely lost its sense of editorial responsibility?

Gielgud: I don't think it's been lost but I do think it's been gnawed at considerably. I don't think that you would have had, for example, in the days of Reith or of Hayley, the situation with the BBC *vis-à-vis* Northern Ireland. It could never conceivably have happened. The people dealing with this thing would have known better than to have got themselves into that situation. Many of the programmes on Ulster, such as the ill-fated "tribunal" would not have been suggested in the first place, because it would have been pointed out in a perfectly sophisticated manner that this was a matter for historical perspective and not for day-to-day journalism.

Penthouse: Would you favour what is being suggested, some kind of vetting board or censorship?

> "We cannot have censorship of broadcasting. I think it is an insult to normal human intelligence.
>
> There is no longer in the BBC that confidence in leadership, that belief in those who are controlling, that we had in the early days."

Gielgud: Censorship, certainly not. The mere word "censorship" sends bristles up the back of my neck. I think censorship is wrong because it is an insult to normal human intelligence and, after all, who is to be the censor? Censors like anyone else are subject to human failings. One can reduce the thing *ad absurdum* and talk about Goebbels, but there you had it. German broadcasting, which I remember in 1930 as absolutely the forefront of international radio, had deteriorated within four years to a level where there was no German broadcast one would have turned the knob to listen to for five seconds. It was contemptible and ridiculous, and it was also very boring. What you must have is responsibility seeping right through from top to bottom. You cannot have censorship.

Penthouse: Going back to your early career, what led to your appointment as Drama Director of the BBC in 1929?

Gielgud: Well, Sir John Reith, as he then was, chose to take part in a performance of the BBC Amateur Dramatic Society which I had been asked to produce. He played, curiously enough, the part of a drunken broker's man, in a play called *Tilly of Bloomsbury.* He was extremely good and very funny. Shortly after this production, the job of Drama Director fell vacant, and various names were put forward, of which mine was one, largely I think because of my theatrical connections, and Reith is reported to have said: "Oh yes, that fellow. Well, after all he was very rude to me, and so I don't see why he shouldn't be able to tell a lot of actors what to do."

Penthouse: What programmes that you produced during your career with the BBC do you look back on with greatest satisfaction?

Gielgud: There are three. One was the production of the three plays of the *Oresteia;* then Flecker's *Hassan* which I did with the music of Delius; and lastly Ibsen's *Brand,* which the BBC were good enough to let me do as my final kick before I retired.

Penthouse: In your novel, there is some bitter criticism of the way in which modern television invades personal privacy.

Gielgud: I have an absolute instinctive revulsion against the invasion of privacy by a medium of mass communication. I cannot condone a camera coming into close-up and photographing someone in floods of tears, or someone shocked after a domestic disaster, or bewildered and worried by things which they don't quite understand. Whether it is a microphone or a television camera, I think that it is insufferable. Mark you, the individual is only too often guilty in this respect, because there is no reason why the individual should not say flatly, "I'll see you in hell first," or "Take your bloody camera away," or "Put your so-and-so microphone where it will pick up what you don't want it to hear." But people are mesmerized and to some extent flattered at being picked out. This is one of the dangers of television as a whole: that it is turning everything into a form of show business.

Penthouse: Aren't such interviews necessary to give a picture of life in the round on television? Television shouldn't show only happy people.

Gielgud: No, but this problem could again be solved by a genuine sense of editorial responsibility—by the sort of character who would say: "I'm not going into that woman's house just after her husband's been shot, and ask her what she feels like. I don't think this is on, chaps. Don't do it."

Penthouse: What are your hopes for the future both of radio and television broadcasting?

Gielgud: My main hope is that both media will throw up sooner or later, and the sooner the better, characters of the calibre of Reith and William Hayley, who were controllers, leaders and inspirers; people for whom it was a privilege to work. My own impression is that there is no longer in the BBC that confidence in leadership, that belief in the beliefs of those who are controlling, which in the early days of broadcasting we had. We believed in the people who ran us, and to a certain extent could induce the same belief in the people we controlled, so the thing is progressive. It's now a question of finding the right people, and you don't find them on every bush. But if they are not found, there will inevitably be a gradual deterioration. If ever one got into trouble under Reith or Hayley, as I did on two occasions when programmes of mine were discussed in both Houses of Parliament, and started an awful row, my Director-General was like a ton of bricks behind me. So long as one had done one's job to the best of one's ability, and to the best of one's belief, one was as safe as houses, and this made a very great deal of difference. I admit to a certain amount of prejudice, because I was once trained for a regiment in which the only thing you were allowed to say to a superior officer was "sir". You could say "Sir!" or "sir" or "*sir*", but that was all one could say, and it saved a good deal of trouble. This might seem frivolous, but the hope for the future of broadcasting certainly lies in a sound, responsible chain of command within the BBC.

Penthouse: Mr Gielgud, thank you.

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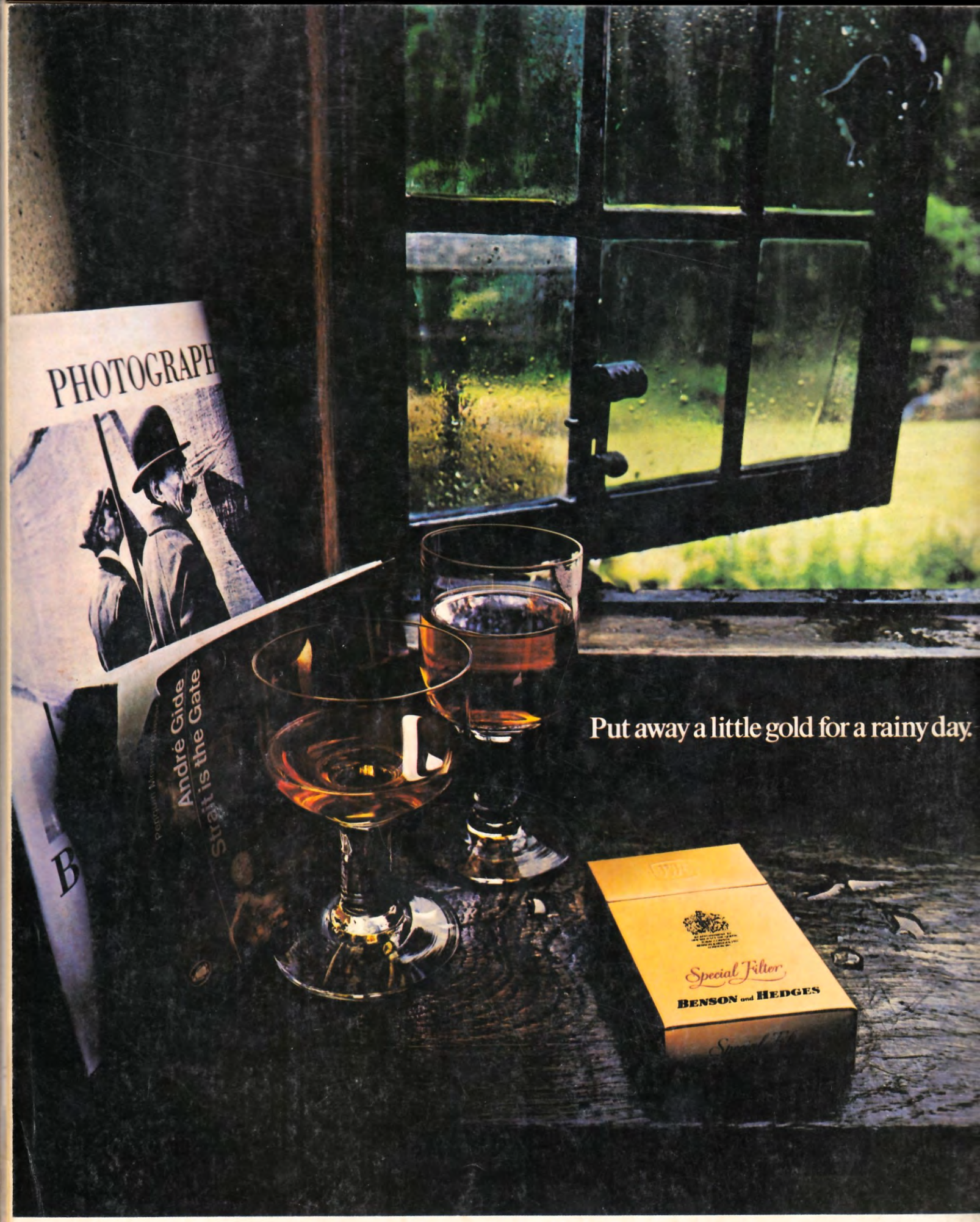

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